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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

That Atlantic "Find"

We had planned to devote this little corner of our space to a complimentary paragraph. That paragraph was to extend to the *Atlantic Monthly* our cordial congratulations upon that rare find in their January issue, the hitherto unpublished letter from the pen of Alfred de Musset, in which the poet described a visit to Rachel. We had begun the projected paragraph when a second glance at the newly discovered treasure brought to light certain lines that seemed strangely familiar. That general impression of the Felix family, the mother, the brother, and the sisters, of the great tragedienne. Then the spirited words of Rachel herself, when she described the limitations of her wardrobe at the time of her first appearance on the stage of the Comédie Française. Little by little the *Atlantic* "find" began to assume the lineaments of an old friend. Not only that, but of an old friend with whom we had resumed acquaintance quite recently. So, in order to verify these impressions, we turned, not to the complete works of Alfred de Musset, but to Mr. Francis Gribble's *Rachel: Her Stage Life and Her Real Life,* which appeared a year or so ago from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and there found the "hitherto unpublished letter" quoted almost at full length. Alas, the *Atlantic* has been sadly deceived! But we had left this space for a paragraph, and a paragraph had to be written. Only as congratulations, under the circumstances, seem a little out of the question, we extend to the *Atlantic* our condolences instead.

Terré's Tavern

Some time ago Mr. Julian Street wrote a whimsical and instructive little sketch called *Paris à la Carte,* which unquestionably entertained a great many readers, and is said to have earned for its author many garlic-flavoured curses from the Bohemian clients of a certain restaurant of Montmartre, whose exclusiveness was threatened by hordes of invading American tourists. As Mr. Street succeeded in astonishing the artists, actors, and journalists who had been in the habit of patronising the Restaurant du Coucou, he also succeeds in astonishing us by a statement to the effect that Terré's Tavern, immortalised in the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," was situated on the left bank of the Seine, near the Latin Quarter. He writes: "Those who remember Thackeray's 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse' will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperousse, near the Church of St. Germain des Près. I do not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out."

By some this might be dismissed lightly. But it is a grave matter, of quite as much importance as the exact situation of this or that headquarters of Field Marshal Wellington, for though by no means great poetry, the ballad beginning

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.

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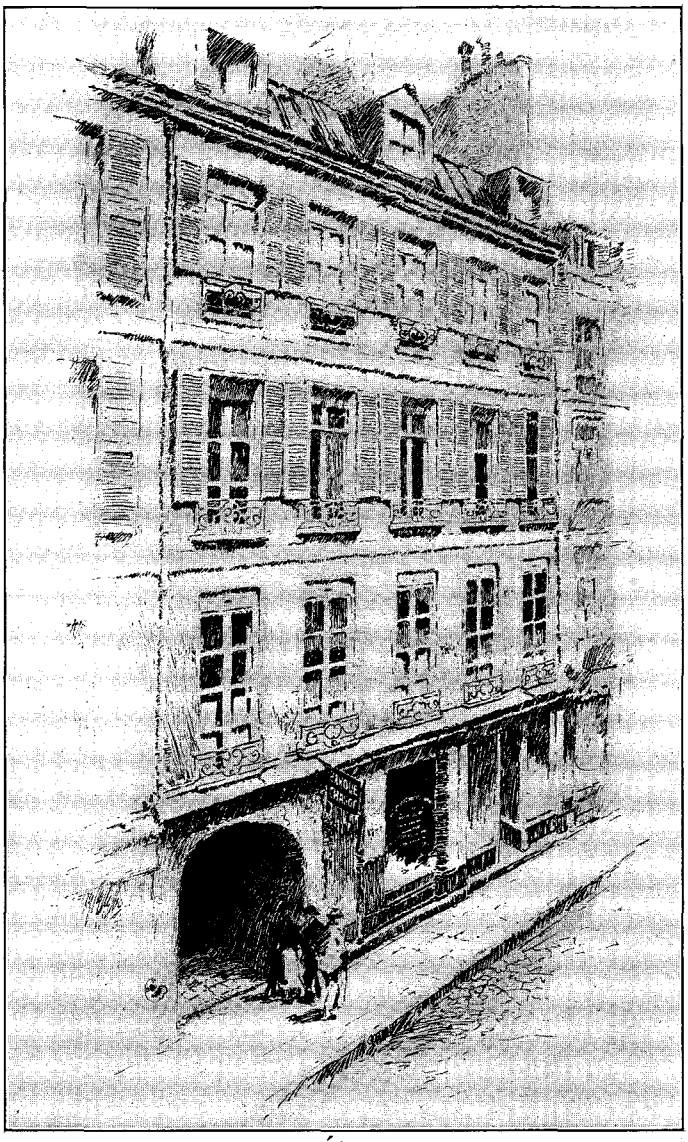

TERRÉ'S TAVERN

And there's an inn not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a dish of bouillabaisse.

is, and is probably destined to remain, one of the immortal ballades of our tongue, to live for itself, and to be perpetuated in some way in the literature of every new generation. Only yesterday the genial Laird, of Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby,* was lying on a sick bed, while kindly French nurses wept as they listened to his prayers. But these "prayers," strangely enough, invariably ended with allusion to

Red peppers, garlic, roach and dace,
All these you get in Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

As a matter of fact, the site of the real Terré's Tavern, where Thackeray was in the habit of dining about the year 1840, is not on the south side of the river at all, but is almost within a stone's throw of

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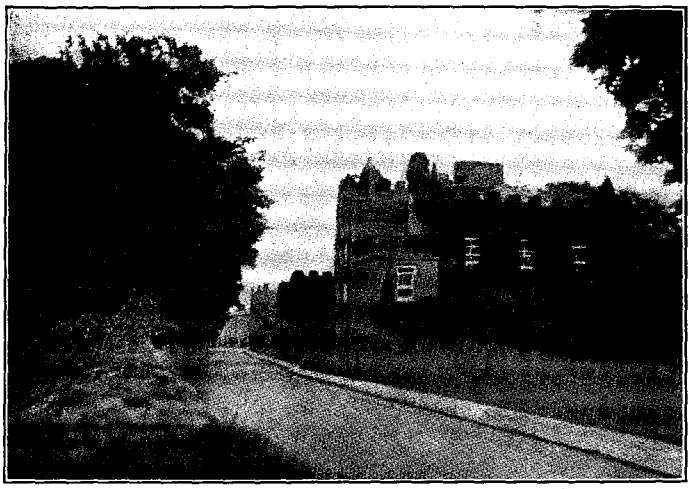

THE HOME OF THE OTHER WOMAN—VANESSA'S HOUSE

THE LOVES OF CADENUS AND VANESSA YOU MAY PERUSE IN CADENUS'S OWN POEM ON THE SUBJECT, AND IN POOR VANESSA'S VEHEMENT EXPOSTULATORY VERSES AND LETTERS TO HIM; SHE ADORES HIM, IMPLORES HIM, ADMIRES HIM, THINKS HIM SOMETHING GOD-LIKE, AND ONLY PRAYS TO BE ADMITTED TO LIE AT HIS FEET. AS THEY ARE BRINGING HIM HOME FROM CHURCH, THOSE DIVINE FEET OF DR. SWIFT'S ARE FOUND PRETTY OFTEN IN VANESSA'S PARLOUR. HE LIKES TO BE ADMIRED AND ADORED. HE FINDS MISS VANHOMRICH TO BE A WOMAN OF GREAT TASTE AND SPIRIT, AND BEAUTY AND WIT, AND A FORTUNE TOO. HE SEES HER EVERY DAY; HE DOES NOT TELL STELLA ABOUT THE BUSINESS: UNTIL THE IMPETUOUS VANESSA BECOMES TOO FOND OF HIM, UNTIL THE DOCTOR IS QUITE FRIGHTENED BY THE YOUNG WOMAN'S ARDOUR, AND CONFOUNDED BY HER WARMTH. HE WANTED TO MARRY NEITHER OF THEM—THAT I BELIEVE WAS THE TRUTH; BUT IF HE HAD NOT MARRIED STELLA, VANESSA WOULD HAVE HAD HIM IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. WHEN HE WENT BACK TO IRELAND, HIS ARIADNE, NOT CONTENT TO REMAIN IN HER ISLE, PURSUED THE FUGITIVE DEAN: IN VAIN HE PROTESTED, HE VOWED, HE SOOTHED, AND BULLIED; THE NEWS OF THE DEAN'S MARRIAGE WITH STELLA AT LAST CAME TO HER, AND IT KILLED HER—SHE DIED OF THAT PASSION.

AND WHEN SHE DIED, AND STELLA HEARD THAT SWIFT HAD WRITTEN BEAUTIFULLY REGARDING HER, "THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME," SAID MRS. STELLA, "FOR WE ALL KNOW THE DEAN COULD WRITE BEAUTIFULLY ABOUT A BROOMSTICK." A WOMAN—A TRUE WOMAN! WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ONE OF THEM FORGIVE THE OTHER?—*Thackeray's English Humourists.*

the great boulevards and the fashionable shops of the Rue de la Paix. Soon after Thackeray's Paris days the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs became the Rue des Petits Champs. It is that to-day and runs from somewhere near the Passage Choiseul, diagonally, as it were, down to the Place Vendome. About ten years ago a sketch of the building in which Terré had his restaurant was made for the Kensington Edition of Thackeray's works. The number was originally 16. But although it is not the tavern of the bouillabaisse, that other hostelry to which Mr. Street refers has also some very decided Thackerayan associations. He dined there often in the years when he was an art student, and to this day there hangs on the wall a portrait of the novelist at table, and an appended note setting forth the facts of his fame and his patronage.

More about Richard Dehan

While the author of *Between Two Thieves* has been quite adequately introduced to American readers, here are some further details of her earlier life which seem comparatively fresh. She was nine years old when her family emigrated to England from their Irish home. She had seen a good deal of barrack life, and at Southsea, where they went to live, she acquired a large knowledge of both services in the circle of naval and military friends they made there, and this knowledge years afterward she turned to account in *Between Two Thieves*. In 1884, Miss Graves became an art student and

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MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of four

MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of twenty-one

MISS CLO GRAVES
at the age of thirty-four

worked at the British Museum Galleries and the Royal Female School of Art, helping to support herself by journalism of a lesser kind, among other things drawing little pen-and-ink grotesques for the comic papers. By and by she resolved to take to dramatic writing, and being too poor, she says, to manage in any other way, she abandoned art and took an engagement in a travelling theatrical company. In 1888 her first chance as a dramatist came. She was again in London, working vigorously at journalism, when some one was needed to write extra lyrics for a pantomime then in preparation. A letter of recommendation from an editor to the manager ended in Miss Clo Graves writing the pantomime of *Puss in Boots*. Later a tragedy by her, *Nitooris*, was produced for an afternoon at Drury Lane, and another of her plays, *The Mother of Three*, proved not only a literary, but also a material success.

Portraits and Sketches

"He was the fairy in our midst," writes Edmund Gosse of the late Andrew Lang in the recently published *Portraits and Sketches*. "He was the wonder-working, incorporeal, and tricksy fay of letters, who paid for all his wonderful gifts and charms by being not quite a man of like passions with the rest of us. If we can conceive a seraph being funny, it would be in the manner of Andrew Lang." Mr. Gosse recalls an instance of the depressing effect of Lang's wit. He (Gosse) was passing through a phase of enthusiasm for Emerson, whom Lang very characteristically detested, and happened to show the Scotchman the famous epigram "Brahma," which begins with the lines:

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Lang read it with a snort of derision (it appeared to be new to him), and on the spot improvised this parody:

> If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
> Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
> They know not, poor misguided souls,
> They, too, shall perish unconsoled.
> I am the batsman and the bat,
> I am the bowler and the ball,
> The umpire, the pavilion cat,
> The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Mr. Gosse devotes a chapter of *Portraits and Sketches* to Wolcott Balestier. Now memories are notoriously short, and we take it for granted that to-day Wolcott Balestier is rather a dim figure in the minds of the average American reader. Balestier! Oh, yes, he was the man who collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the writing of *The Naulahka*, and Kipling married his sister. When Gosse first met Balestier in 1888, the latter was in his twenty-eighth year. He had studied at Cornell, edited a news-

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WOLCOTT BALESTIER

paper in Rochester, New York, worked in the Astor Library in New York City, travelled extensively in the West and South, and finally had gone to England to represent a New York publisher and to open an office in London. Within twelve months, Mr. Gosse tells us, he knew the English book market as, probably, no Englishman knew it. His mind moved with extreme rapidity; he never seemed to require to be told a fact or given a hint twice.

When you saw him a few days later the fact had gathered to itself a cluster of associate supports, the hint had already ripened to action. I may quote an instance which has a pathetic interest now. In the autumn of 1889, fresh from reading *Soldiers Three,* I told him that he ought to keep his eye on a new Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard Kipling?" he answered impatiently; "is it a man or a woman? What's its real name?" A little nettled, I said, "You will find that you won't be allowed to go on asking questions like those. He is going to be one of the greatest writers of the day."

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ROALD AMUNDSEN. A REVIEW OF "THE SOUTH POLE" WILL BE FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

"Pooh, pooh!" Balestier replied, "now you are shouting!" And no further reference was made to the subject. But three days later I found a pile of the blue Indian pamphlets on his desk, and within a week he had added the future collaborator in *The Naulahka* to the troop of what he used to call his "personal conquests."

Two Lights on Tennyson

Edmund Gosse first met Tennyson in 1871. He was led to the introduction in a state of overwhelming excitement, his heart pounding in his chest with agitation. Tennyson was scarcely a human being, he was the God of the Golden Bow. The meeting was in the British Museum.

"It must, I suppose, have been one of those days on which the public was then excluded, since we found Tennyson, with a single companion, alone in what was then the long First Sculpture Gallery. His friend was James Spedding, at whom in other conditions I should have gazed with interest, but in the Delphic presence he was not visible to my dazzled eyes. Mr. Thornycroft's statue of the poet, now placed in Trinity College, gives an admirable impression of him at a slightly later date than 1871, if (that is) it is translated out of terms of white into terms of black. Tennyson, at that time, was still one of the darkest of men, as he is familiarly seen in all his earlier portraits. But those portraits do not give, although Mr. Thornycroft has suggested, the singular majesty of his figure, standing in repose. Ralston, for all his six feet, seemed to dwindle before this magnificent presence, while Tennyson stood, bareheaded among the Roman Emperors, every inch as imperial-looking as the best of them. He stood there as we approached him, very still, with slightly drooping eyelids, and made no movement, no gesture of approach. Somebody suggested that we should examine the works of art, which in that solitude we could delightfully do. Tennyson led us, and we stopped at any sculpture which attracted his notice. But the only remark which my memory has retained was made before the famous black bust of Antinous. Tennyson bent forward a little, and said in his deep, slow voice, 'Ah! this is the inscrutable Bithynian!' There was a pause, and then added, gazing into the eyes of the bust: 'If we knew what he knew, we should understand the ancient world.' If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall still hear his rich tones as he said this, without emphasis, without affectation, as though he were speaking to himself."

Contrast this impression of Tennyson with that given by Frederick Wedmore

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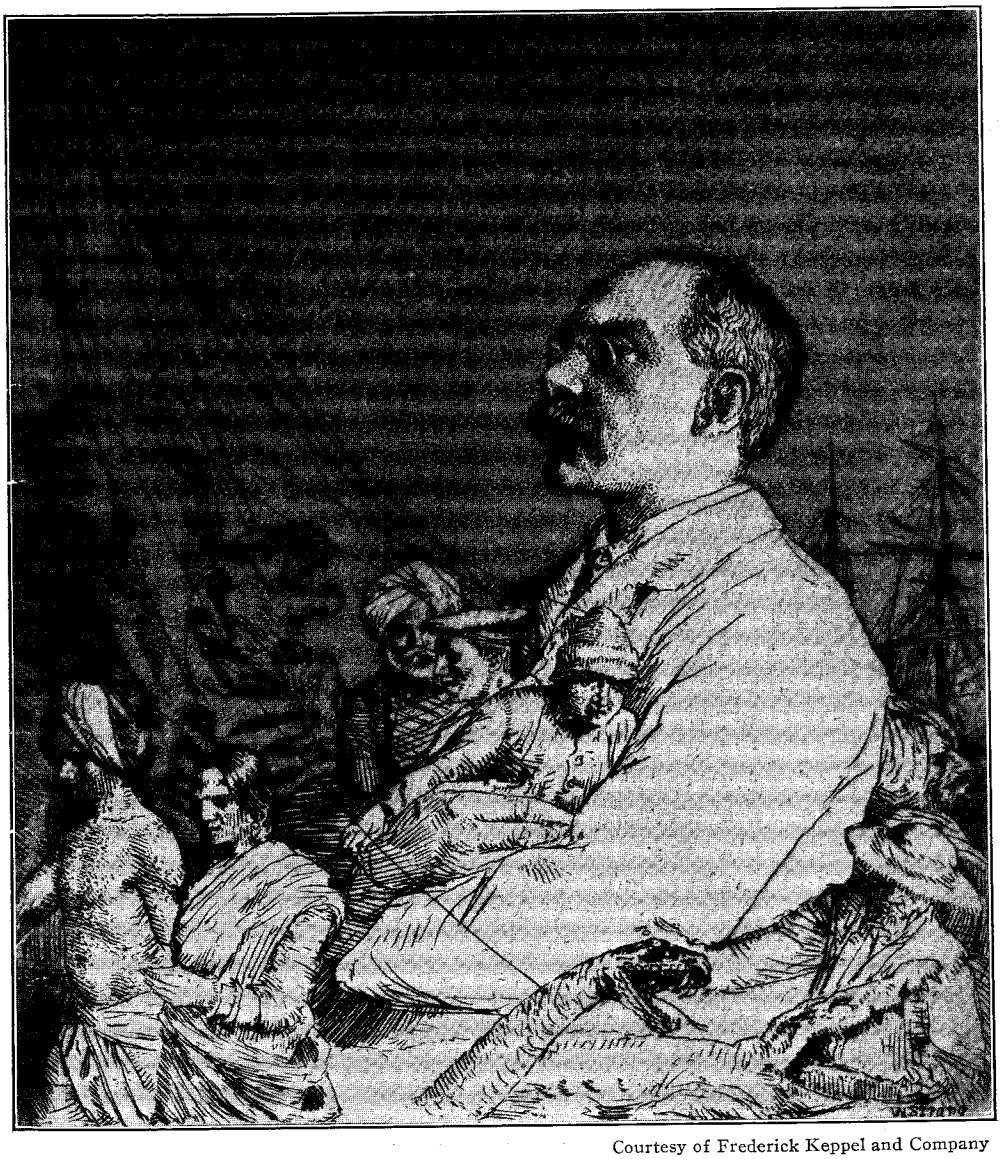

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CREATIONS. FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM STRANG
(SEE ARTICLE, MODERN ENGLISH ETCHERS)

in his recently published *Memories*. Wedmore first met the poet at a dinner at Stopford Brookes's.

He came into Brookes's drawing-room in his morning jacket: uttering an apology for being, as he said, in "working clothes." His son Hallam—the present Tennyson, was with him. Among the guests—and they were few—were the Walter Cranes.

There had been some difficulty, Stopford Brookes told me, in getting Tennyson to come. The constitutional indolence, of which he was himself well aware, asserted itself continually. And besides, "What was he going to be given to drink?" On its being jocularly promised and arranged that he should have a bottle of old Port—the days were Claret-drinking days, remember, and Tennyson, in the matter of wine, was simply twenty years before his time—he said he would come. He *had* his bottle of old Port, which contained not a drop too

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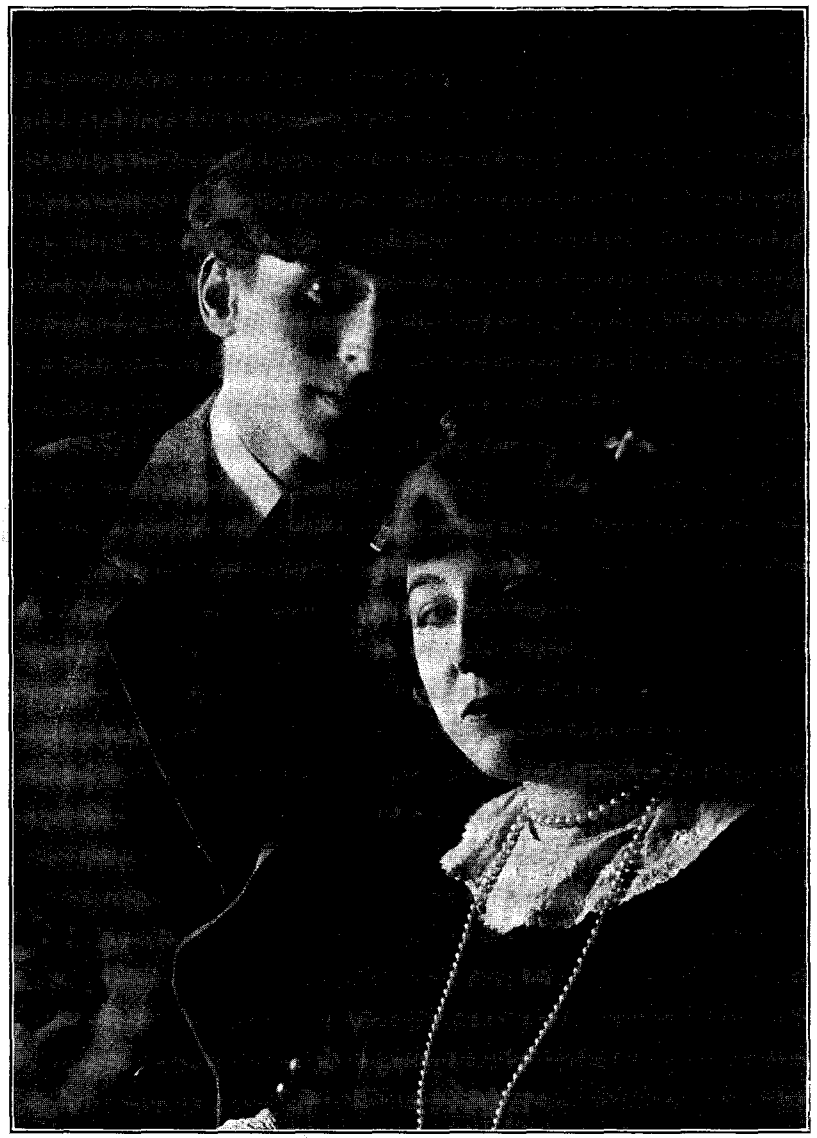

MAURICE ROSTAND AND MADAME EDMOND ROSTAND

much for him—for he became only more and more mellow under its genial influence.

Except his little apology for appearing in morning dress, I heard nothing that was said by him that night till he got down to dinner, when on making an inquiry, natural at the time—the time of certain difficulties with Russia, that were occupying the public mind—Miss Brookes who, in Manchester Square, was at the head of the table, said to him, "Mr. Tennyson, do you like the Russians?" In one of the deepest voices it was ever given to me to listen to, the answer came—"I hate them like the Devil."

Rostand and 13

A writer in *Les Annales* of Paris has pointed out that Edmond Rostand does not share in the general feeling of aversion to the number "13." He occupies in the French Academy Seat No. 13. He is the thirteenth holder of that seat. His name is made up of thirteen letters. Two of his principal works, *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon*, form a total of thirteen letters. Also thirteen letters long is *La Samaritane*, the work that first made the

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name of the poet familiar to the world of letters.

An Apparent Exception.

As a general rule, when the wife, or the son, or the daughter of a famous man of letters produces a novel, or a play, or a poem, we are inclined to regard the achievement (to characterise it politely) with a certain tolerant amusement. But the case of *A Good Little Devil,* the play bearing the names of Madame Rostand and Maurice Rostand, respectively the wife and son of the author of *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon,* seems to be an exception. At that the literary association does not end with Rostand's wife and son; for the adaptation for the English-speaking stage was made by Mr. Austin Strong, who is known as the author of *The Exile,* and *The Little Father of the Wilderness* (both written in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne), *The Drums of Oude, The Toy Maker of Nuremberg,* and a new version of *Rip Van Winkle;* and known also because he is the step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Hugo Story

A little controversy has been going on in Paris about the memory of Madame Victor Hugo. Jules Claretie has been in the midst of it, and Adolph Brisson has found himself indirectly entangled. Brisson formerly printed certain confidences that he had received from Hugo's publisher, Lacroix. Lacroix, deserted by fortune, grew old philosophically in an apartment on the fifth floor in one of the poorer quarters of Paris. His property consisted of little more than an incomparable collection of autographs that recalled to him his days of glory, letters from celebrated writers whose books he had published. The most curious of all these letters came from Hugo and concerned the publication of *Les Miserables.* Lacroix, very young and full of ardour, learned that the famous novel was finished and decided that it should be the first venture of the publishing house that he had determined to establish. He went to Hauteville House, conquered it by his youthful enthusiasm, declared himself ready to accept any terms. At first these terms seemed a little hard. Victor Hugo demanded three hundred thousand francs for the book, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs to be paid in advance, in English gold. Although not having the first part of this sum Lacroix signed the contract. Intoxicated with joy, he proceeded to Brussels, procured

AUSTIN STRONG. FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN JOHNSON

the necessary money from a banker, and returned to Guernsey. He carried the precious specie in a leather saddle bag that he preserved, as a relic, until his death. Fearful of being robbed on the road, he watched night and day, pistol in hand. He arrived safe and sound, to take possession of the precious manuscript.

Les Miserables appeared. It won a triumph, not only in France, but throughout Europe. The world devoured it.

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Lacroix received the reward of his daring. He became rich. A year later he determined to commemorate the literary event by giving a dinner to M. and Mme. Victor Hugo. He wished to gather the intimate friends of the great man, those who shared in his life, and composed, in a certain way, his court. But if Hugo was punctilious in the matter of social attentions that should be paid to his wife, he was no less exacting in the matter of attentions which should be paid to Madame Drouet, the faithful friend, who copied his manuscripts with so much care, and was as close to him as his shadow. To invite one without the other would not have been possible. To invite them both might be interpreted as an impropriety. Lacroix, in a sad state of doubt, decided to go frankly to Madame Hugo. "Invite Madame Drouet," said she. "But you, Madame? I am counting above all on your presence." "You can count upon me." And here is the point of the controversy. Did Madame Hugo really assist at this love feast? Gustave Simon has discovered a letter proving that at the last moment the legitimate spouse of the poet absented herself. But does this letter refer to this actual dinner? Certainly Madame Hugo witnessed with sadness the affection of her illustrious husband for Madame Drouet. But the years of endurance had blunted her jealousy. She excused his weaknesses, pardoned him, continued to love him despite his faults. At length justice is being done to the memory of Madame Hugo. Light biographies, duped by appearances, have shown her indifferent, distant, of only mediocre intelligence. She did not resemble this portrait at all. She suffered, she wept, but she concealed her tears and never complained, uniting the most touching simplicity with the most perfect dignity.

Old Figures Passing

Within the past few weeks news has come of the death of two men who played parts in Thomas Hughes's famous *Tom Brown at Rugby*. First a dispatch from England reported the death, at a rural vicarage in Bedfordshire, of a venerable clergyman, the Rev. Augustus Orlebar, who is described as the Tom Brown of the fight with Slogger Williams. Mr. Orlebar was captain of the Rugby eleven in the match which was played with Marylebone just before the news arrived of Dr. Arnold's death. It is said that the original Slogger Williams, who is Chancellor of St. Asaph Cathedral in Wales, still survives. A few weeks after the death of Mr. Orlebar came the news of the death of John George Holway, one of the seconds in the same great fight. Mr. Holway, who had been at Rugby with Hughes, was in his ninetieth year.

The New "Who's Who"

The appearance of *Who's Who in America* for 1912-1913 would seem to indicate that there are rather more than twice as many Americans of more or less distinction at the present time than there were thirteen years ago. In other words, the first edition (1899-1900) contained 8,602 names, while the present edition brings the number up to 18,794. This is an increase far out of proportion to the increase in general population. It is not uninteresting to glance back at the changes which have come with the publication of the seven volumes of this reference work. The second edition (1901-1902) advanced the number of names to 11,949. In the third edition (1903-1905) there were 14,443, a further increase of 2,892. The fourth edition (1906-1907) contained 16,216 names, or an increase over its immediate predecessor of 1,773. In the fifth edition (1908-1909), the number grew to 16,395, and the sixth edition (1910-1911) contained a total of 17,546, an increase of 1,151.

In some notes upon the edition of *Who's Who in America* for 1908-1909, in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1908, we called attention to the "Geographical Index" (then included for the first time), pointing out that it showed the emphasis upon the professions, and neglect of commercial and industrial achievements and also (perhaps) a tendency to be impressed by the presumed "culture" of eastern communities. To illustrate these

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points; we cited such towns as Paterson, New Jersey, Springfield, Fall River, and Lynn, Massachusetts, and certain cities of the West. We turned to the same towns in the present edition. Paterson in 1908 was represented by thirteen names. It is represented by the same number to-day. Fall River was credited with seven in the fifth edition and ten in the present edition. In both cases all the names are of professional men. Lynn four years ago had eleven, all but two of whom were in the professions. Now the number has dwindled to seven, practically all of whom are professional men. Four years ago we commented that St. Joseph, Missouri, then a thriving city of 118,000 inhabitants, had in *Who's Who* only four individuals, a consul-general, a Roman Catholic bishop, and two authors. The number is the same in the present edition, but while the bishop and one of the authors are still there, the other author and the consul-general have made way for a judge and a clergyman.

More about Miss Robins

Although opinions as to its merits differ widely, there can be no doubt that Miss Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister* is far and away the most widely discussed novel of the hour. As a serial it was read by a great many persons who claim that they never read serials; and as a book it is being read by many who are inclined to flout contemporary fiction. While this novel is the first that seems likely to bring Miss Robins forward as a conspicuous literary figure, her books have always had the appreciation of a number of discriminating readers. When the late Mark Twain was in Sweden in the autumn of 1899 he chanced to read *The Open Question*. When he had finished he was moved to write the author as follows:

DEAR MISS ROBINS: A relative of Matthew Arnold lent us your *Open Question* the other day, and Mrs. Clemens and I are in your debt. I am not able to put in words my feeling about the book—my admiration of its depth and truth and wisdom and courage, and the fine and great literary art and grace of the setting. At your age you cannot have lived the half of the things that are in the book, nor personally penetrated to the deeps it deals in, nor covered its wide horizons with your very own vision—and so, what is your secret? how have you written this miracle? Perhaps one must concede that genius has no youth, but starts with the ripeness of age and old experience.

Well, in any case, I am grateful to you. I have not been so enriched by a book for many years, nor so enchanted by one. I seem to be using strong language; still, I have weighed it.

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

There has been prevalent the curious idea that Miss Robins is an English woman. As a matter of fact, although for the past fifteen or twenty years she has lived most of the time in England, she is by birth a Kentuckian. Although recently she seems to have drifted away from the stage, which was her first choice as a career, her interpretation of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* remains in the memory of many who witnessed it as the one real interpretation ever presented on an English or American stage. Miss Robins has an exceedingly talented younger brother, Raymond Robins, who has been for years conspicuous in political and sociological work in Chicago. From 1902 to 1905 he was the superintendent of the Chicago Municipal Lodging House, and at the same time was the head worker for the Northwestern University Settlement. During the last year or two he has taken an active part in the Men and Religion Forward Movement campaign. Mr. Robins has spent much time in the Yukon, and is believed to have given his sister much of the material that went into the making of *The Magnetic North*. He was talking the other evening about the futility of trying to impress upon the minds of natives of Alaska ideas which originally came from heated Eastern countries. For example, he pointed out that it would be no use to paint the terrors of a torrid hell in the Yukon, for every one who heard would want to go there. To one Esquimau he put the question "What is hell?" The response was: "Hell, him one heap big iceberg—never break up." A few weeks ago Mr. Robins was at a dinner party in Washington, and one of the guests present, a United States Senator, not knowing of

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the relationship, began to speak in the highest terms of *My Little Sister*. "Please repeat that," said Mr. Robins, leaning forward. The other did so, but then queried, "Why did you ask?" "Because," said Mr. Robins, "*My Little Sister* was written by my big sister."

The Poe Mystery

Mr. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, Virginia, a gentleman who has contributed materially to the literature about Edgar Allan Poe, throws a little more light on the problem of the "Naval Officer" in *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. He writes:

I have been reading your comments about Poe's *Mystery of Marie Roget*. I cannot help thinking that Professor Woodberry and yourself are a little astray in this matter. Poe himself traces the crime by his inferences most directly to the "Naval Officer." I never saw it mentioned elsewhere. See the "Virginia Poe" and turn to pp. 42-3: "And here let me call your attention to the fact that the time elapsing between the first ascertained and the second elopement, is a few months more than the general period of the cruises of our men-of-war. Had the lover been interrupted in his first villainy by the necessity of departure to sea, and had he seized the first moment of his return to renew the base designs not yet accomplished—or not yet altogether accomplished *by him?* Who is that secret lover, I ask, of whom at least most of the relatives know nothing?" Then turn to pp. 60-3: "This associate is of a swarthy complexion. This complexion, the 'hitch' in the bandage and the 'sailors' knot' with which the bonnet ribbon is tied, point to a seaman. His companionship with the deceased, a gay, but not an abject, young girl, designate him as above the grade of a common sailor."

The circumstances of the first elopement, as mentioned by *Le Mercure*, tend to blend the idea of the seaman with the "naval officer," who is first known to have led the unfortunate into crime. Let us sift to the bottom this affair of the first elopement. Let us know the full history of this officer, with his present circumstances and his whereabouts at the precise period of the murder. Let us compare the various communications with the known MSS. of this officer. And now let us trace the boat, etc., etc.

Doyle's Crowborough Home

Mr. A. St. John Adcock, writing of the creator of Sherlock Holmes, thus describes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's home at Windlesham, Crowborough. "In the hall hangs the mud-encrusted cricket-bat, with which he made a century, on a wet wicket, in the very first match he played at Lords; in one room is a beautiful statuette of Lord Roberts, presented to him by the members of the Langman Hospital staff in recognition of the work he did during the Boer War; and in another, again in spontaneous recognition of his national services in South Africa, is the silver bowl subscribed for by Sir Arthur's neighbours (and the grooms and gardeners of his neighbours), when he was living at Hindland; here hangs a blood-smeared banolier taken from a soldier who was killed in battle on the veldt; there, a haversack containing a set of cheap chess-men. This too is a relic of the Boer War. As Sir Arthur was riding with a small party across country, they were stopped by a native who told them a dead or dying Englishman lay some little distance aside, and they found a soldier, dead of his wounds, with one of the pawns out of this haversack of his clasped between a finger and thumb. Trophies of sport are on many of the walls, and pictures of famous prize-fighters and prize-fighting; in one of the windows is a large bust of Sherlock Holmes, modelled in clay and sent to the author by an unknown admirer from Manchester; and, to say nothing of many other similar mementoes, on the floor of the billiard room stand two huge fossil feet of the prehistoric Iguanodon, and on the table above them is the flint head of an arrow that has survived from the Stone Age. It was the discovery of these relics on the downs that stretch for miles before his own door that set Sir Arthur's imagination at work on the period to which they belong and resulted in the creation of the astonishing Professor Challenger, the sending of him and his search party to that almost inaccessible plateau in the wilds of South America which they find still inhabited by men and animals of the prehistoric type and, in a word, in the writing of *The Lost World*,

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A SKETCH OF ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE MADE BY HIMSELF AFTER RECEIVING HIS MEDICAL DEGREE

which is at once one of the most realistic and one of the most romantic of his books—its wildest imaginings wearing an air of sheer reality from the Defoe-like, matter-of-fact manner of their narration.

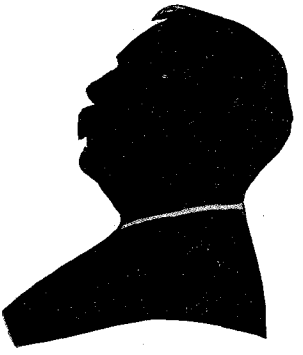
Mr. Adcock makes the following divisions of Sir Arthur Doyle's work: Police or sensational romances—*A Study in Scarlet, The Sign of Four, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, The Firm of Girdlestone.*

Historical novels—*Sir Nigel,* and its sequel (though it was written first), *The White Company;* these two covering the period between 1340 and 1360; *Micah Clarke* (1679), *The Refugees* (1670), *Rodney Stone* (1804). Then come four novels fashioned round the glamorous figure of Napoleon, *The Great Shadow, Uncle Bernac, The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard, The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard,* and a romance of modern Egypt, *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

Then there are short novels of modern life and books of short stories, such as *The Doings of Raffles Haw,* and *The Parasite; A Duet, and an Occasional Chorus,* dealing with the domestic humours and emotions of average lives; *The Green Flag; Round the Fire Stories; The Lost Galley;* the collection of medical stories in *Round the Red Lamp; The Stark Munro Letters,* again reminiscent of their author's medical experiences, and vividly and realistically revealing the thoughts and opinions of a young man on life and the world in which he is living; one book of literary criticisms, *The Magic Door;* two of poetry, *Songs of Action* and *Songs of the Road;* and one notable volume of history, *The Great Boer War.* Also, besides the books and pamphlets on *The Crime of the Congo,* the Edalji and Slater cases, and the Boer War, there are the plays: *Halves; A story of Waterloo,* in which Irving made one of his great successes as Corporal Brewster; *The Fires of Fate* (a dramatic version of *The Tragedy of the Korosko*); *The House of Temperley, The Speckled Band* (a Sherlock Holmes adventure) and *Sherlock Holmes,* which was dramatised by Mr. William Gillette, who himself played the title rôle.

The R. L. S. Originals.

A volume entitled *The R. L. Stevenson Originals* has recently been added to the interesting series that was inaugurated with *The Scott Originals* and *The Dickens Originals.* This new volume is the work of Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, and is the third book about Stevenson which has been published in the last fifteen years by this amiable friend of his early days in Edinburgh. Miss Simpson is the daughter of Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., the famous physician who discovered the use



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. A SILHOUETTE

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of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and the sister of the late Sir Walter Simpson, who is remembered by the world at large as the "Cigarette" of *The Inland Voyage* and the "Athelred" of *Talk and Talkers.*

The most valuable chapter in Miss Simpson's recent book is, naturally enough, the one in which she gives an intimate account of the companionship which was closely maintained for a decade between Louis Stevenson and her brother. The public should be all the more grateful for this record since Sir Walter seems to have destroyed or lost all but one of the many letters that Stevenson must have written to him, and, on this account only, could not be fairly represented in Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of Stevenson's collected correspondence. The Simpsons lived at 52 Queen Street, diagonally across "the dark belt of the Queen Street Gardens" from the Stevenson home at 17 Heriot Row. Sir Walter, like the late Andrew Lang, attended the old Edinburgh Academy at the same time as Louis Stevenson; but owing to the fact that he was seven years older than Louis, he did not meet him until later in life, when they were both reading for the bar. Thereafter Louis developed a habit of dashing over to the Simpsons' at all hours of the day and night and chatting in his feverish, fantastic vein as he paced the library and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Miss Simpson has preserved a mellow memory of these old intimacies, and has composed an interesting record of the contrast between the nimble and extravagant Louis and her more sensible and stolid brother.

But apart from this personal record the book has little value. It merely retells the life-story of Stevenson in a manner that is gossipy and inconsecutive, without adding any important items to the mass of material that has already been given to the public, in a more coherent and intelligible manner, by Sir Sidney Colvin and Mr. Graham Balfour. Many exceedingly important facts of Stevenson's biography which have thus far been suppressed for reasons of personal tact remain ultimately to be given to the world by some writer of a younger generation; but since Miss Simpson has confined herself to a pleasant but uncritical review of those facts with which the public has already, for a long time, been familiar, her book adds nothing to the existing sum-total of Stevensoniana. It seems a little surprising that the author has made no attempt to limit her book to the province indicated by its title; and it is even more surprising that she has not even covered that particular province with any thoroughness. A great deal more is known about the Stevenson originals than is expounded in this volume. For instance the author does not mention that Bob Stevenson [the author's cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson] was the original of that young man with the cream tarts who behaves in so astonishing a manner at the beginning of the story of "The Suicide Club"; and she apparently has never heard that the peculiar mannerisms of Attwater, in *The Ebb Tide*, were copied from those of A. G. Dew-Smith, of Cambridge, to whom Stevenson addressed from Davos the delightful letter in rhyme beginning, "Figure me to yourself, I pray." Neither does Miss Simpson tell us the fairly well-known story of Stevenson's perturbation upon discovering that the man who had served as the original of the Admiral in *The Story of a Lie* actually had a daughter who was still living and who might—he feared—be wounded at his revelation of her father's weaknesses. Such obvious omissions as these, in a volume entitled *The R. L. Stevenson Originals,* give evidence that the author's knowledge of Stevenson and his work is more personal than scholarly.

Parallel Cases.

A few months ago we had occasion to recall the curious charge of plagiarism that was brought against William Allen Butler in connection with his famous poem "Nothing to Wear." The late Will Carleton had a similar experience with "Betsey and I Are Out." That poem was the first of the *Farm Ballads,* and was published in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27, 1871. Before very long another claimant for the verses appeared in the person of a Mrs. or Miss

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K. S. Emerson, who maintained that she had written "Betsey and I Are Out" in 1869, that she had made several manuscript copies of it, which were passed among her friends, and that Carleton had in some way obtained one of these copies and published the ballad under his own name in a Western newspaper. The charge having been brought to the attention of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. S. S. Conant, who was then the editor, wrote to Mr. Carleton, suggesting that legal action be taken against the publishing house that had brought out a book of Mrs. Emerson's verses, and in their advertisements countenanced the accusation of "literary piracy."

As is usual in a case of this kind, there were plenty of persons found willing and eager to espouse the cause of the lady, and to profess belief in the accusation against the more widely known writer. These advocates were early in the field, and Mrs. Emerson's case was brought before the public with a great deal of finesse. Soon after the issue of the number for May 27, 1871, a friend of the new claimant called at the *Harper's Weekly* office to ask for a recognition of her authorship. This was met by the offer to examine proofs, if Mrs. Emerson could produce any, and by the request that she should submit other ballads and poems for consideration, for which the same compensation was offered, if her contributions were found to equal "Betsey and I Are Out" in literary merit, as was paid to Carleton. Mrs. Emerson, or, as she then called herself, Mrs. French, subsequently called in person, and asserted that she alone was the author of the ballad. Her story then was, as circulated by her friends, that she had composed the ballad while in a state of trance, she being what is known as a medium, and had sold it to Mr. Carleton for the paltry sum of two dollars, that being the fee for which the lady put favoured mortals into direct communication with the world of spirits.

As a matter of fact, at that time Carleton had never been in New York, and, therefore, must have taken the ballad down from dictation over a distance of several hundred miles. When this was pointed out Mrs. Emerson departed somewhat disconcerted, but promised to send specimens of her poetic abilities. One or two of these specimens were afterward received, but were found to be of far inferior metal. A summing up of the whole case by a writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* ended with the following paragraph:

> It will thus be seen that Miss Emerson's claim rests upon her bare assertion, unsupported by a particle of proof, while it is at once disproved, as the New York *Tribune* very justly remarks, "by the fact that not a line in her volume bears the slightest kindred to the ballad she has so coolly appropriated." She has shifted from one story to another, as her position became untenable, and though asserting loudly, through her publishers and friends, her ability to substantiate her claim, she has thus far entirely failed to bring forward a single fact to make her assertion good. . . . The fair inference from all this shuffling and shillyshallying is that her "proofs" are mythical, and that her claims will never rest upon anything more substantial than her unsupported assertion. . . . It is probably not hazarding too much to express the belief that her claim will be soon forgotten or be remembered only in consideration of its impudence.

No one will be likely to dispute the statement that among contemporary American writers of detective fiction the name of Burton Egbert Stevenson should be placed very near the top. Years ago his "Marathon Mystery" and "Holliday Case" won for him deserved recognition, while "The Boule Cabinet," which appeared last winter, was acclaimed as one of the three compelling mystery stories of the past three or four years, the other two being Tyler de Saix's "The Man Without a Head," and Cleveland Moffett's "Through the Wall." In an article in the March BOOKMAN *entitled Supreme Moments of Detective Fiction, Mr. Stevenson will tell of the craftsmanship and of what to his mind are the biggest situations in a field that he has made so much his own.*

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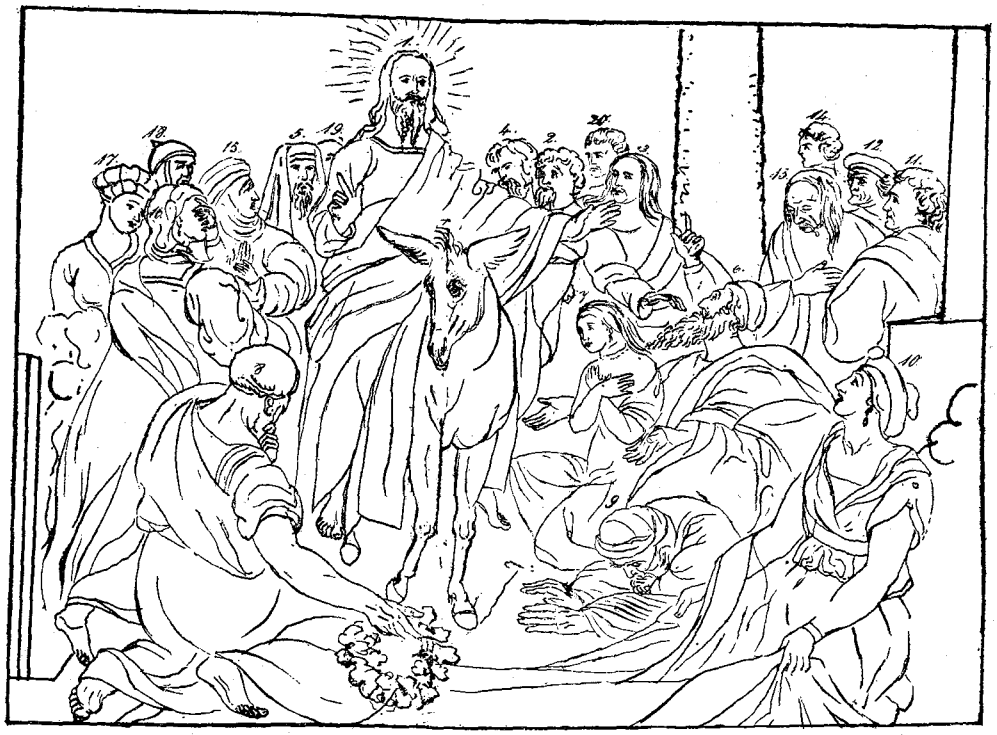

KEY TO CHRIST'S ENTRY
Probably engraved for Haydon's exhibition in London. Now in the Boston Public Library.

OLD PIGMENTS AND NEW FOUND FACES

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

("Believe me, Haydon, your picture is part of myself."—KEATS.)

I

FOR five and twenty years an oil painting, in good condition, but frameless and poorly lighted, has hung on the staircase of the Art Museum of Cincinnati. Thousands of visitors walk under it annually. A few give it a passing glance; it is unusual for any one to show a greater interest. Yet the time was—some ninety years ago—that tens of thousands crowded to see this picture—Benjamin Robert Haydon's "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem"—and each one paid a shilling for the privilege. They came to look at it for no sentimental or sensational reasons, but because of its high repute as a work of art. It was considered "a masterpiece," the greatest historical painting that England had produced, a work that would mark an epoch in art. Charles Lamb wrote a poem in its praise; Wordsworth, referring to the six years Haydon had spent upon it, said that it was worth waiting fifty years to get so perfect a picture. Other writers of eminence proclaimed its unsurpassed greatness.

The painting, however, is not a masterpiece. England has produced many a work before and since of far greater merit; it marked no epoch in art. Never-

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CHRIST S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM
Painted by Benjamin Robert Haydon. Now in the Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN TABULAM EXIMII

By Charles Lamb

What rider's that? and those myriads bringing
Him on His way with palms, Hosannas singing?
Hosanna to the Christ, Heaven—Earth—should still be ringing.

In days of old, old Palma won renown:
But Palma's self must yield the painter's crown,
Haydon to thee. Thy palm put every other down.

If Flaccus' sentence with the truth agree,
That "palms awarded make men plump to be,"
Friend Horace, Haydon soon in bulk shall match with thee.

Painters with poets for the laurel vie:
But should the laureat band thy claims deny,
Wear thou thy own green palm, Haydon, triumphantly.

---

theless, for all lovers of English literature this painting holds an interest which is bound to increase as the facts concerning it become known.

Any inanimate thing that has been associated with such men as Wordsworth, Keats, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and John Howard Payne, is of interest and value. When that thing happens to be a painting which, besides associations, contains portraits of some of these persons, painted from life—as is the case

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with this picture—it is, per se, of greater interest and more value. Such a painting demands a consideration denied to many a better work.

The story of Haydon's picture is worth the telling if only for its many associations with Keats, and for the strong interest he manifested in it throughout his whole life as a poet. He frequently referred to it in his letters as "the Picture." While on his way to the Isle of Wight, whither he was going by the advice of Haydon, he wrote:

"I have conned over every Head in Haydon's Picture"; from Teignmouth some time later: "I am nearer myself to hear your 'Christ' is being tinted into immortality. Believe me, Haydon, your picture is part of myself."

There is perhaps nothing extant, outside of Keats's personal belongings, a house at Hampstead and one at Rome—certainly nothing in America, that has so many associations with the poet. He watched its slow growth upon the canvas and rejoiced in the triumph it brought the painter. As Keats died about a year after the exhibition of the picture, before the glory of Haydon's triumph was dimmed, he never suspected how hollow it all was. Although he says that he knew Haydon's faults, he could not have known how the painter's tactlessness and inordinate egotism were to rob him of honestly won laurels and bring into being an animosity which, in one form or another, stalked the misguided man for thirty years, and at last seduced him into taking his own life.

But the clouds had not yet gathered when Leigh Hunt introduced young John Keats to the most conspicuous artist in all England. That they were mutually pleased with each other their letters show. Haydon was happy, hopeful, and well pleased with himself, as was usually the case when he had a large painting, with all its attendant difficulties, well under way. Difficulties were to this energetic, masterful man what hazards are to golf-players—and, for the most part, they caused him about as much anxiety. During an enforced ride in a lawyer's cab he composed his "Crucifixion"; lingering in a friend's room, hoping to avoid arrest, he designed the background for another picture; while playing unwilling host to an officer of the law he constrained his guest to be his model. During a stay in a debtors' prison he met some veterans of Waterloo, and "never passed pleasanter evenings." In this same unpropitious quarter he sketched a bit of horseplay, and afterwards put it on canvas. George IV, that astute critic, saw it, pronounced it "a damn fine thing," and bought it. Haydon grew fat on difficulties that killed other men.

II

He completed the composition for his 13 x 15-foot painting, "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem," late in 1814. He then made studies of figures in similar poses from the Elgin Marbles, hired his models and made casts of their faces.* This done, he adjusted several pairs of spectacles before his sadly imperfect eyes, and "flew at the canvas," with the living model before him. Through sickness and periods of semi-blindness, enduring poverty, an ever-increasing burden of debt, and the ridicule of thrifty portrait-painters, Haydon, with heroic determination, stuck to his self-imposed task. There were compensations, however. He was happy in his work; he delighted, too, in posing as the apostle-martyr of "High Art"; by judicious—and injudicious—advertising he made the acquaintance of men and women famous in that day and this. His painting-room was visited by "fashion, beauty, and rank, by genius and by royalty, and the expectation was very high indeed." Distinguished foreigners like Canova, Cuvier, Vernet, and Grand Duke Michael of Russia called and complimented him on his great historic picture. Sir George Beaumont—typical of the really noble in the British aristocracy—used to watch by the hour as Haydon plied his brush, and so used honest David Wilkie, the best friend Haydon ever had, and poor John Scott, Tom Keats's friend, whose life was soon to be sacrificed as one result of the detestable "Cockney School" criticisms.

Keats, too, used to sit for hours without speaking, seeing with those "Delphic priestess" eyes the figures emerge from

*To this unique habit of Haydon we undoubtedly owe the life mask of Keats.

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the canvas. One day, however, he went to the canvas and stood before the portrait of Voltaire, which had just been put in. "That's the being to whom I bend," he said, bowing low with his hand on his heart. Haydon was a devout, almost fanatical, orthodox Christian. A spirit of mischief often prompted his friends to touch him on this tender spot, as Keats did here, for the pure fun of seeing him jump.

Among others who visited Haydon's studio during the painting of "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem" was John Howard Payne. His friend, Charles Robert Leslie, the artist, has left an account of a visit to Haydon with Payne, when the American actor told Haydon of the trials he had endured through "the jealousy of English actors, and the illiberality of the English press." To all this Haydon very characteristically replied, "Sir, I regret from my soul the treatment you have met with; I regret it as an Englishman, and am ashamed of my country. . . . The only way in which I can show my sense of the injustice you have suffered is to make you the St. John in my picture." At first glance it would seem that Haydon's impulsive purpose was not carried out, but if any other portrait of Payne in similar pose is compared with the St. John, the likeness at once becomes apparent. The prominence of the historic St. John would forbid making his face an absolute portrait of a well-known American actor, but that Haydon used the actor-poet, slightly disguised by long hair and enlarged eyes, seems quite evident.

Late in 1817 Haydon gave a dinner in the room where the great canvas stood, by way of bringing Wordsworth and Keats together. This was "the immortal dinner" so often lovingly referred to in after years. Among the guests was Charles Lamb, who in a vein of inimita-

DETAIL OF HAYDON'S JERUSALEM
Containing portraits of William Hazlitt (second man from right) and, probably, John Howard Payne ("St. John," foreground, extreme right).

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ble humour abused his host for putting Newton into his picture. "'A fellow,' he said, 'who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle.' And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank [Keats's toast] 'Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics.' It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn 'Jerusalem' flashing up by the light of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made a picture which will long glow

'Upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.'"

Many other memorable gatherings "took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good and the poetry first rate. Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, etc., etc., attended my summons and honoured my table."*

After nearly six years the painting was done. A hall was hired and invitations to the exhibition sent out. Haydon worked through the morning of the opening day. He borrowed some money and went out for luncheon. Returning, he found Piccadilly blocked with carriages, while "princes of the blood, bishops and noblemen," foreign ambassadors, "beauties in high life," "geniuses and people of note from everywhere," crowded the great room. When Haydon entered he found Keats and Hazlitt, his two chief literary friends, and David Wilkie and John Jackson, his brother artists, quietly rejoicing in his triumph, while the gorgeously apparelled Persian ambassador was proclaiming loudly "I like the elbow of soldier." Other audible comments were few, for Haydon's departure from the traditional Christ confused the people. Taken at a disadvantage, they were wisely awaiting a cue, when, as if sent of heaven, "with all the dignity of her majestic presence," in walked Mrs. Siddons. An impressive silence followed while the most admired woman in England viewed the picture. "Mrs. Siddons," says one critic, "whom we estimate as the great organ of Nature's deepest sensations, decided from her unerring impulse, that the head [of Christ] was true in expression and character."

"It is completely successful," she said in her deep, impressive voice that carried far. Then as the overjoyed painter was presented, she added, "The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look." Mrs. Siddons had spoken: the people knew what to think; the pen of the ready writers knew what to set forth. Haydon's picture became a national triumph.

*Quoted from *Haydon's Journal.*

III

In Edinburgh and Glasgow it was enthusiastically welcomed. Even Lockhart, who had dubbed Haydon "the Cockney Raphael," now bowed low before him, and Professor Wilson halted *Blackwood's* ridicule to receive him with open arms. In all over fifty thousand persons visited the picture, and a clear profit of ten thousand dollars resulted. Although not sufficient to pay his debts, this gave Haydon courage to add to his expenses by marrying a widow with two children.

But the leopard could change his spots more readily than Haydon could learn thrift. One day his effects were seized and sold to pay his debts. "Christ's Entry" was knocked down for twelve hundred dollars and stored in a warehouse, until in 1831 Cephas Childs, the Philadelphia engraver, and Henry Inman, the painter, bought it. Poor Haydon went to see it off, bewailing its loss to England, and praying for its success in America. The Philadelphia exhibition did not repeat the British successes, and the picture was finally lent to the Academy of Fine Arts. During a fire in 1846 it was cut from the frame and dragged from the building like a wet blanket. It came at last into possession of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, since which time, although exposed for years in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and for a quarter century in the Art Museum of Cincinnati, it has been practically lost to the world.

Let us now glance at the portraits which Haydon introduced into his painting, for, interesting as the picture itself may be, it is the portraits which give the great canvas a real value in our eyes. When first exhibited the identity of the originals of certain faces in the shouting

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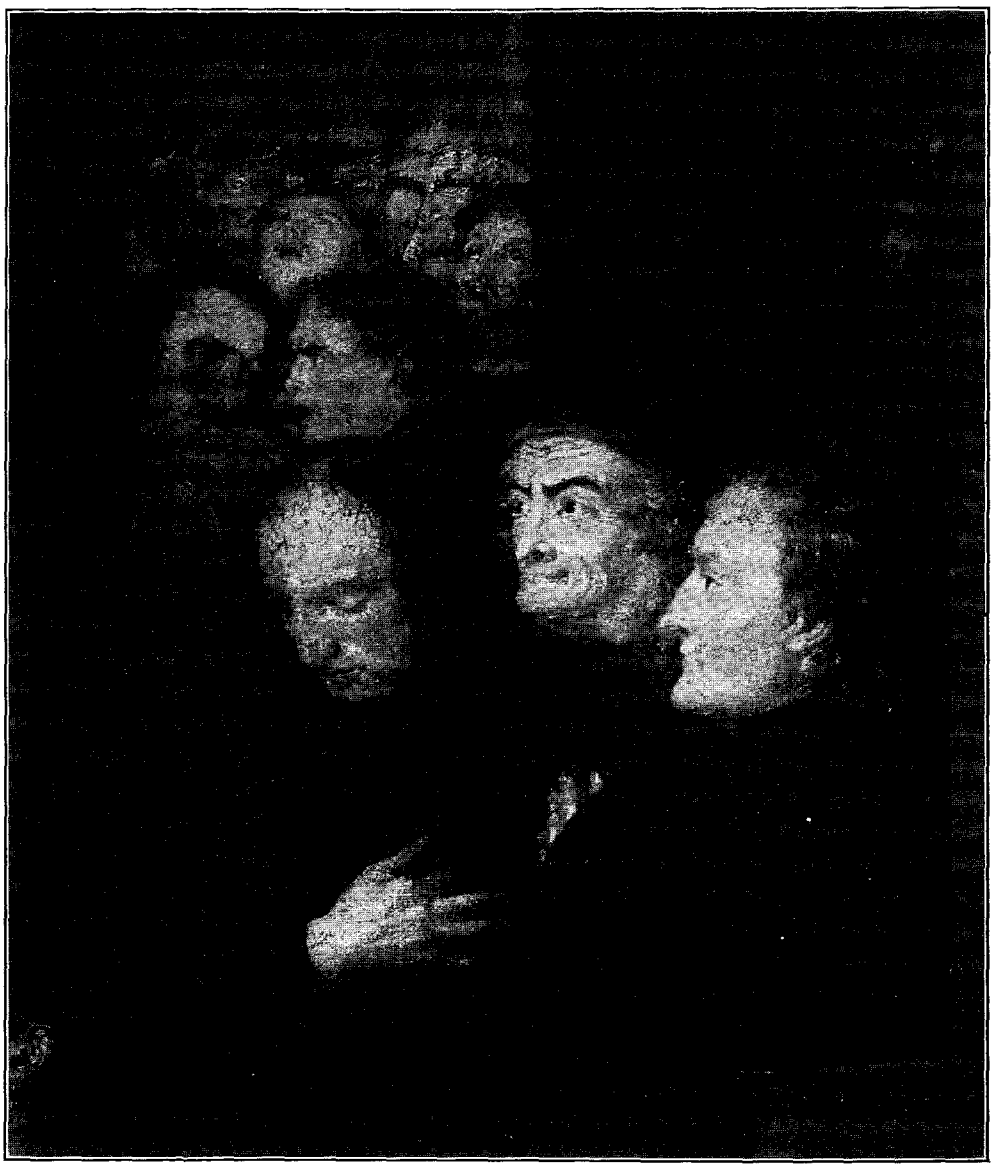
crowd surging about Christ was generally known. But some of these have been lost in the lapse of years. The identity of two of them is re-established by a "Key" which the writer has recently found in the Boston Public Library. This was apparently engraved for Haydon's exhibition pamphlet.

Wordsworth (No. 13) was never lost, perhaps because of an engraving from a portrait by Haydon similar to the head in this picture. The contrasted faces of Voltaire (No. 12) and Newton (No. 11) are always recognised, but they are unimportant, since death-masks were the best thing the painter had to work from. We should scarcely need the confirmation of the Key to know Hazlitt's portrait (No. 20), were it not that two other faces (No. 4 and No. 2) share the distinction of



DETAIL OF HAYDON'S JERUSALEM
Containing portraits of William Bewick and Keats (top row) and Wordsworth, Voltaire, and Newton (*lower row*).

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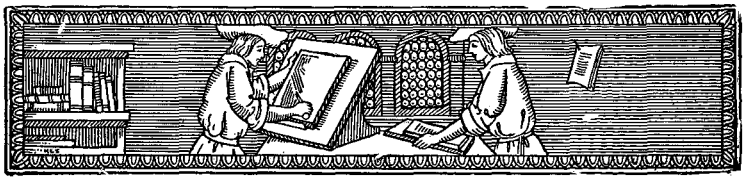
being pointed out as his. A romantic legend has it that the Virgin (No. 15) is a portrait of Mrs. Siddons. But the actress was sixty-five years old at the time and, on the authority of the painter himself, it may be asserted that he had never met her until the day his picture was shown to the public. Keats's friend, the artist William Bewick, who was also the intimate friend of Hazlitt, was not at the time of sufficient importance to appear on the Key. But he is in the painting. So, too, in all probability is John Howard Payne, of whom mention has already been made. The eye (No. 19) between Joseph of Arimathea and Christ is, we are soberly informed by the Key, "Sharp the engraver." Whether this was Haydon's joke or the engraver's method of getting some return for his work, we have no means of knowing. The identification of Keats's portrait (No. 14) is happily rendered beyond doubt by the Key.

Let it be frankly stated that Haydon was not a portrait-painter. He looked down on such, and was wont to say: "Portraiture is always independent of art, and has little or nothing to do with it. It is one of the staple manufactures of the Empire. Where the British settle, . . . they carry and will always carry trial by jury, horse racing, and portrait painting." At the same time we must not forget that Hazlitt, the prince of art critics, who himself painted Wordsworth at this very time, has said that Haydon's Wordsworth in this picture "is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression." Professor William Knight, of St. Andrew's University, in his pamphlet on the portraits of Wordsworth, after considering thirty-eight, selects five as best, and names first the sketch for the "Jerusalem" portrait. (The painting, presumably he never saw.) Judging by other portraits of Hazlitt, this one in Haydon's picture seems to be an undoubted success. The portrait of young Bewick, who was a favourite pupil of Haydon, he himself records is a good likeness. There is then a fair presumption that the face of Keats may be reasonably true to life, and if this is so the square foot of canvas it occupies is worth all the rest.

In his Journal of 1817 Haydon says, "I put Hazlitt's head into my picture looking at Christ as an investigator. It had a good effect. I then put Keats into the background and resolved to introduce Wordsworth." In 1864 Bewick wrote: "In the picture of Christ Riding Into Jerusalem I sat for several heads. One is very like what I was at the time; it is that of a person speaking loud to another, to give an idea of the noise and crowd. That other is John Keats, the young poet." Besides the large, forceful profile of the poet, a study for this picture, Haydon left a little sketch showing Keats's location between the pillars. As will be seen, the Key agrees with Bewick's note and with Haydon's note and sketches. The documentary evidence is interesting, but it is not necessary. The face of the animated young man between the pillars agrees perfectly with Haydon's large sketch and with the life-mask, the finest existing record of the poet's face. Unfortunately it is Keats who is "speaking loud," not Bewick, as after nearly fifty years he recalled the incident. But the face is the face of Keats, and a very attractive one it is in spite of the open mouth.

The known portraits of Keats, done from life, are rare. Joseph Severn made three, two sketches and a finished miniature. William Hilton made a chalk drawing. Some one, perhaps Charles Armitage Brown, cut a remarkably fine silhouette. Haydon left a large outline sketch in his Journal, and he it undoubtedly was who made the life-mask. This completes the list, except for the one in "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem," now brought from oblivion and published for the first time.



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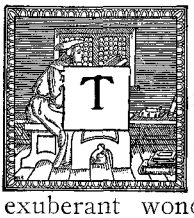
THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR

In Two Parts.

Part II. The Poor Collector and His Problems

BY FREDERICK A. KING

I



THE first part of this adventure dealt so almost exclusively with dazzling figures that the poor man can have little or nothing to do with it save to pay his tribute of cynical or exuberant wonder as the mood takes him. The avowed purpose of the second part is to suggest to this less favoured individual some part or lot that he may have in the game. There will be those to call it a piece of unmitigated folly for any one not rich to have anything to do with such a pursuit, yet if there chance to be one helpless soul who be bitten with the need of surrounding himself with the kind of good company that is prone to gather on exclusive bookshelves he will find he cannot keep away from those places where such gentry, even if reduced to a state of shabby gentility, assemble to await a further stage of their journey toward the everlasting bonfire,—the auction room or the second-hand book-store. The auction room he had better have as little as possible to do with; it is not for "the likes of him" to be drawn into a vortex of competition with fatter purses. He will watch its doings, however, and use it as a guide and counsellor as he goes about snapping up such unconsidered trifles as his cultivated instinct tells him not to pass. When an item is fully described in the auctioneer's catalogue, the chances of securing a bargain are much diminished, for too many eyes among those to whom the catalogue is mailed scrutinise the offerings, and that mysterious individual who is always represented in proxy by the auctioneer himself is a discourager of competition. You cannot gauge the length of his endurance and you fear to give loose rein to your fighting impulses for fear of being made to pay more for your enthusiasm than for your book. There are sometimes nondescript items known as bundles that occasionally secrete unexpected treasures, and if the appearance of the bundle is dingy the treasure may be wholly undetected before safely landed in the astute purchaser's hands. A friend confides that he once secured the delectable *Fanshawe* in such a way. It was in the earlier days of Bangs's, perhaps thirty or more years ago, and in poking among these bundles he pushed aside the formidable clothes line binding one and found that it concealed the magic title. The little grey book was securely buried in the centre of two score more. It was a day, of course, when this Hawthorne brought less than the fancy price now demanded, but it was even then a collector's nugget. The hours intervening before the sale were anxious ones for this Columbus lest others should make the same discovery. But fortune brought no such calamity; the bundle was purchased for $4.50, the nugget extracted and the useless books turned back for resale, so that the actual purchase price amounted to $1.50. Five years passed and that man's book-collecting fever subsided. At the sale of a part of his library in 1886 this copy brought $50. Since then, in the Arnold sale of American literature, it sold for $840. Such opportunities are of the rarest, one is prone to think. The writer begs to speak of one of his own modest finds, which is, indeed, of less intrinsic but of more emotional value. In this case it was a copy of William Winter's *Life of Edwin Booth,* which a dealer passed into his hands at his own price of $1. The previous owner had pasted on fly leaves various newspaper clippings that enlarged the presentation of the subject. Such indignities would ordinarily hurt the soul of the true bibliophile. But one of these clippings was from a West-

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ern paper and reproduced an interview with Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, in which this first player in America of Dumas's *Camille* told of Edwin Booth's performance with her of Armand Duval, when as a youth of eighteen he was serving his apprentice days in San Francisco. The formal biographies know nothing of this episode, but Mrs. Lander's glowing picture gives an impression of the young tragedian worth much to the collector of Boothiana. Besides this

HARRY E. WIDENER

In the history of American book-collecting Mr. Widener will remain the most romantic figure that our times or any time is likely to produce. Cut off in the great sea disaster of last spring in his early thirties, he had seemed to pursue his hobby of book-gathering with the passion of one who foresaw an early end. He collected first editions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and his library boasted an assembly probably unique of books by and about Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of his books are copies personally associated with their authors, some with presentation inscriptions, others with manuscript corrections and annotations. It was these personal enhancements that gave a book its special charm and value in Mr. Widener's eyes. When the *Titanic* carried him down with its other helpless victims, it is said to have buried in the sea a rare volume of Bacon's essays that he had just acquired in London. Friends assert that from the moment of purchase the small volume was carried in his vest pocket, and that he had jokingly told Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer from whom the purchase was made, that if he was lost at sea the Bacon would go down clasped to his heart.

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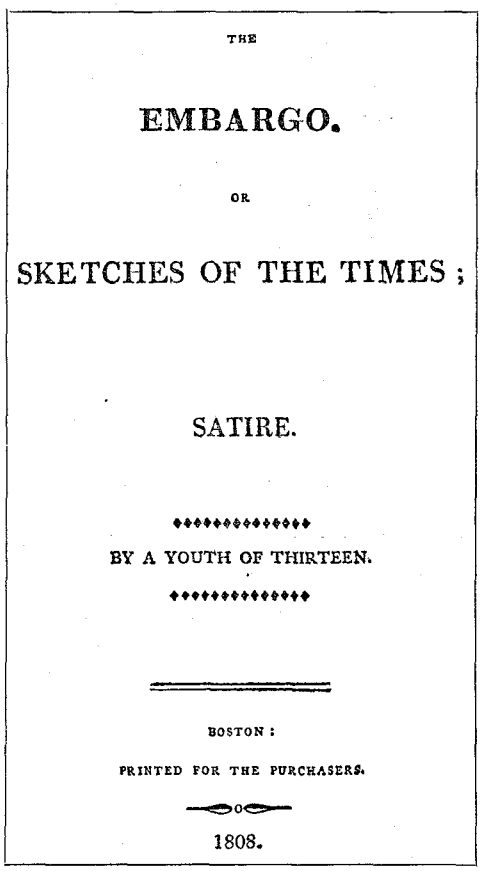
the volume turned out to be a first edition, now out of print, and further examination showed that its back end papers carried a rare portrait inset and an autograph signature of the famous tragedian. All these enhancements had passed the cataloguer, the auctioneer, even the book-seller, who looked his chagrin when the added features of the volume were pointed out to him. It is a book with a history, such as some collectors with a flair for "associational" values go far to find. Its previous owner remains without name, but his tastes and interests are stamped on this volume, and he is a fellow book-lover to whom one stretches out one's hand into the glow of the night lamp.

Alongside it, in its present abode, stands a stiff and starchy aristocrat, come down in the world, alas! This is a work on engraved gems with delicious copper-plate engravings, printed at Rome in 1700, on paper that gives an exquisite sensation to the touch, and bound in red levant with gold tooling. The binder has certified to his work, the previous owners have contributed their mark. It was "Vathek," Beckford's copy, and figured in the Hamilton palace sale. Mr. Hoe added not only his book-plate, but his autograph. It accepts with what grace it may the conviction that this world is after all tending toward universal democracy. Having passed its two centuries and more in luxurious comfort along with the best society in the book world it doubtless has a low opinion of starving book-collectors, and wonders if it has bidden farewell forever to those old associates that have dazzled the world with figures. It need not be said that this work, though dedicated to the eminent and reverend prince, Il Signor Cardinale Cesere Destrees, is not in the class of those excessive rarities that the bibliophile may at a moment's notice recite the name and whereabouts of, give you also the pedigree and whatever chapter of romance clings about them, just as the right people know all about race horses and Rembrandts. As it stands to-day it is a frank pledge of that collector's folly so reprehended by money-wiseacres.

Moreover, it is not a work for which a poor book-collector would ever think of going in search. While he appeases his desire for possession with humbler fare he feeds his imagination with even greater things. And he cannot be charged with folly or unwisdom if he has a watchful eye for an early American rarity. He has probably abandoned thoughts of Poe's *Tamerlane,* but recent events quite justifiably turn his dreams toward the earliest *Bryant.*

II

In the Hoe sale Bryant's first poem, "The Embargo," found a buyer so anxious for its possession that he paid $3,300 to win it. This is a hard nut to crack, since Bryant is scarcely regarded within the first rank of American poets. This youthful effort, which flaunts its youthfulness in its subscription by "A Youth of Thirteen," can scarcely yield the political historian valuable reflections on its theme, the anti-Jeffersonian Fed-



THE

EMBARGO.

OR

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES;

SATIRE.

BY A YOUTH OF THIRTEEN.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS.

1808.

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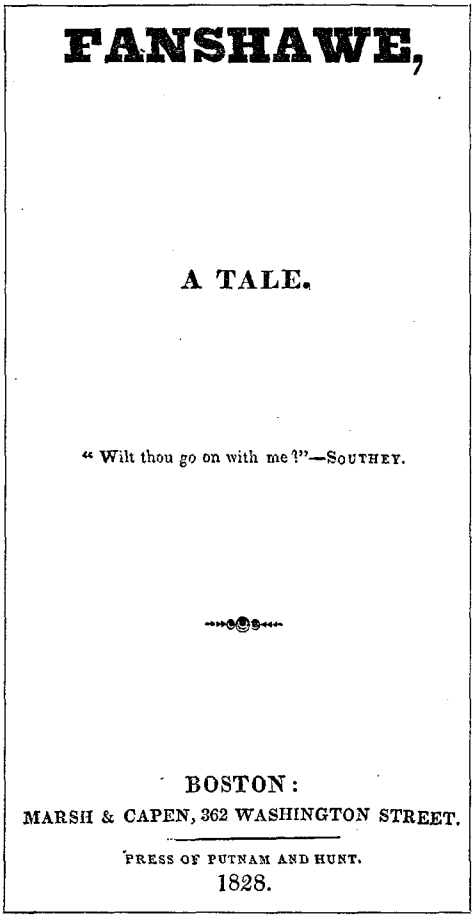
eralism, prevalent in New England in 1808, the time of its publication. The volume was not even in the best state for a bibliophile, for it was cut down and rebound, yet two men at least drove its price up to the astounding figure here named. Now within a twelvemonth, another copy appears in an auction catalogue and sells for $3,000 to the same



FANSHAWE,

A TALE.

"Wilt thou go on with me?"—SOUTHEY.

BOSTON:
MARSH & CAPEN, 362 WASHINGTON STREET.

PRESS OF PUTNAM AND HUNT.
1828.

buyer. Its "points" were better than those of the Hoe copy; it was unbound and uncut, in this latter state excelling any hitherto known auction copy. Why may not garrets or old farmhouses of New England shelter more such? If the history of these two books goes broadcast we may see a carnival of searching and sweeping, for unsuspected fortunes often repose in such unlikely places. Mr. Hoe, it may be remarked, paid $24 for his copy. Spring cleanings often sacrifice such treasures to ignorance. And this ignorance crops up in unsuspected places. The other day Sir Herbert Maxwell told the London Authors' Club of some of his own follies. He was dwelling on the need of a periodical weeding for the library as well as for the garden, and confessed that some years ago he wanted to get an *Encyclopedia Britannica* whose cost was $175. So he packed off to the second-hand dealer a complete set, barring two numbers, of *The Sporting Magazine,* from its beginning in 1790 to its demise in 1870. Last year he read that the *Sporting Magazine* Series had sold in London for $4,750. Picture his chagrin! The late Alexander Oswald was a great bibliophile, and when he died his house was found overcrowded with books. Ignorant successors to his possessions gave the order to take away every book without a decent binding. This was done, and several thousand volumes were sold at a shilling apiece, among them a Kilmarnock Burns.

The housecleaning process works in many ways, however, and oftenest brings forth only chaff fit for the burning. Age alone is no gauge of value. Some of the oldest books are the most worthless, for nobody wants them at any price. Yet age is the first sign that strikes the uninstructed as the thing that gives value. Unless an old book represents a valued author, or deals with quaint and curious subjects, or records a bit of local history, or exhibits a fine specimen of printing from a famous press, or is embellished with charming engravings, or is the first issue of a well-known work, it is likely not worth the trouble of carrying it down from the garret. On the other hand, no one should carelessly dispose of a book that suggests a quality of value before consulting the nearest expert. The book fit only for the rubbish heap, in the view of most householders—a quaint old school book, an almanac, a book of laws, a little work that classifies in that multiform lot known as Americana, may outweigh in value the whole "library" carefully stored in the glass-doored "secretary." There is one other discouraging aspect to all this frenzied searching. The more "rarities" unearthed the less their value. They are like antipathetic germs

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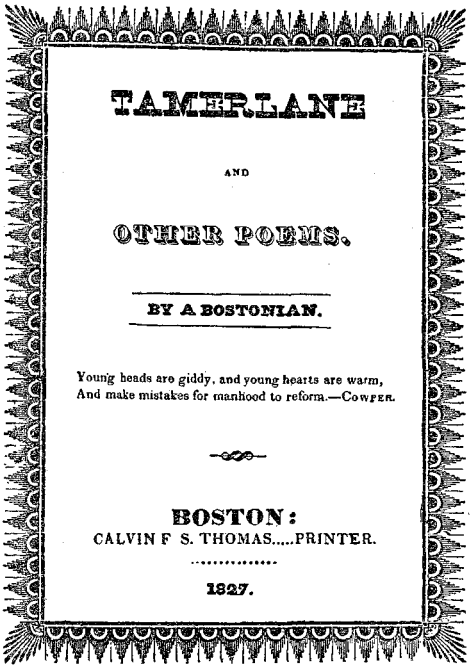
who prey upon each other. This law works even with books of the most opulent pretensions. At the Hoe sale a Shakespeare folio, sold at $13,000, dropped from its previous recorded auction price of $18,000 (in 1907) because among other reasons, that figure had stimulated search and brought several more from obscurity to be disposed of at private sale.

Along with Hawthorne's *Fanshawe,* Poe's *Tamerlane* is one of the prizes the hopeful book hunter sees, in his dreams, in the five-cent box or among these marked for ten cents, fifteen cents or twenty-five cents. There is a story to the effect that twenty years ago a Boston book clerk really accomplished this feat with the Poe book. Before going out to lunch he read in some print that the British Museum owned the only known copy of Poe's first book, and he said to himself, "I'll make a hunt from this day for a second copy of *Tamerlane.*" The tale is almost too fabulous, but the argument of the tale is that his search ended in one brief half hour. After eating his lunch he turned into Cornhill and stopped at the bookstalls there ranged along the street. Under his very hand lay a thin duodecimo, — *Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian, 1827.* The hopeless dealer asked fifteen cents apiece for it and each of its fellows. The clerk slipped his prize among nine others gathered at random, and proffered $1.50 to the dealer, who threw in a cheery reminder that his purchaser had secured "a good lot." It was indeed a good lot. The book soon left the class of possessors represented by the humble book clerk. It passed hands not long after for $1,850, and subsequently, in a binding case so arranged as not to disturb the volume in its pristine form and done by a master craftsman in Paris, was sold for $1,450, and then resold at auction for $2,050, and then again for about $2,400. It spends its future existence in a private collection. The man who originally found the book has had an occasional "look in" upon the career of his one time possession. He was present of course when it was first sold at auction at Libbie's, he was on hand again in 1900 when the book passed from the library of the late Thomas J. Makee for the sum above mentioned. The auctioneer who sold it then had also sold it twice before. By the time this date was reached a third copy had become known, and the possessor of that was the underbidder here. Why should he have wished a corner in *Tamerlanes?* Why should another man wish a corner in "Embargos"? Speculation may run to any flight of extravagance when dealing with the emotions of book-hunters. There is a fearful joy in owning a unique volume, and jealousy



TAMERLANE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—COWPER.

BOSTON:
CALVIN F S. THOMAS.....PRINTER.

1827.

for the integrity of such a reputation in a volume might whisper an incitement to an act of vandalism. We do not charge this; we only like to play with the idea.

When Lord Howe's collection of Shakespeare quartos and folios came upon the market in 1907, there was furnished a clue to the veiled identities in the chapter on "The Barbarians" in Frederick Locker-Lampson's *My Confidences.* His barbarians were the owners of certain coveted rarities and the implication was that morally any act was justifiable that wrested these treasures from people chiefly famous for being "addicted to the Turf." Of course he does not mention

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real names, but speaks of "Lord and Lady Tadcaster at Babram, formerly Babraham, near Bosworth, the land of Burton and George Eliot." He calls the roll of their rare books, including the four Shakespeare folios and the Sonnets of 1609 and the rarer quartos, particularly the *Hamlet* of 1604. Now at that time the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Howe and Henry Huth, Esq., were the only people known to Lowndes, the great bibliographer, as owners of the *Hamlet,* and so the Tadcasters became revealed. "Now," writes Mr. Locker-Lampson, in connection with the account of one or two visits, "in cold blood, I ask myself why, in the name of all that's wonderful, have I not appropriated a few of these old books? They would never have been missed, and there would have been some chique in adding the *Hamlet* to one's starved little treasure-house at home—that is to say, if it had been stolen."

There is a famous story of a man, Don Vincente of the convent of Pobla in Aragon, what is told by all writers upon the art of book hunting. This Don Vincente is called by Andrew Lang "the great pattern of biblioclepts." To get the book he coveted he killed its possessor and set fire to his house, so as to cover up his crime. But the man was at last suspected, and the famous book found in his possession to confirm the suspicion. The case against him was argued on the ground that there was but one copy in the world of the book found in his possession, and its previous owner was known to all. Don Vincente had a clever lawyer, who proved that another copy did exist in the Louvre, and since there were two, he argued there might also be more, and so Don Vincente might have come honestly by his. At this Don Vincente gave a great cry and said to the Alcalde, "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was clumsy indeed! My copy was not unique."

Mr. Robert Hoe began collecting books when he was eighteen, and it was the passion of his lifetime to make his collection as complete as pains and money would permit. He ordered it dispersed under the hammer, not primarily for the profits that might accrue, for even he could scarcely foresee how great they would be, but because he believed that in this way his books would be insured a future of solicitous care such as he had given to them. Edmond de Goncourt decreed the same disposal of his treasures, to give again to persons of taste like himself the pleasure of acquiring the things that had been so great a joy to him. He would not have them, he said, shut up in museums to be stared at by the stupid and ignorant. Mr. Hoe complained that the custodians of such museums, especially abroad, little understood the value and rarity of things committed to their care, and their neglect was consequently bringing ruin and decay upon works whose loss would impoverish the world. So we should cease to regret the auction-room's dispersal of these libraries that cost a lifetime of effort in building up, for they only obey nature's law of transmutation. The example of Mr. Hoe to inspire a youth of eighteen to begin the assembling of a two million dollar property is nothing, alas! but one of the ironies of our changing age. Mr. Hoe began buying books when a trivial sum secured him many of the treasures that have enriched his heirs. He began not long after the time described by Halliwell-Phillips when black letters were as thick as blackberries upon the stalls of the London dealer. The buyer for the future must simply try to forecast the rarities of twenty, forty, fifty years hence and build carefully upon these foundations. He will not have a library of world literature, but content with simpler acquisitions, he may get a respectable library of nineteenth and twentieth century books that will stand as a worthy life's pursuit.

Indeed, it is already too late, as we have seen, to get the rarest of nineteenth century masters. Who expects to pick up for a song Browning's *Pauline* or Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,* or books printed and coloured by William Blake, or firsts in Keats, or Shelley, or Rossetti? But these were once as cheap and neglected as the furtive issues of modern poets, despised and rejected beyond anything by the second-hand dealer of to-day. It would not be surprising to see the first books of Alfred Noyes erelong sought by collectors, particularly if this poet fulfils his promise and next

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wears the laureate's wreath. There is, too, that puzzling American, Ezra Pound, whose verse struggles so vainly for a wider hearing, yet already the prize of discriminating minds. His earliest issues were three slender paper brochures, one issued in Venice, and of such rarity already that few are they who have ever seen them. Yet these are just the things to fill the rôle of the future nuggets of the bibliophile. This is dealing with a purely speculative reputation, however, that the future may not confirm. One gets a certain gambler's joy in holding for future appraisal a thing in which he believes. Not so doubtful should be the early books of Richard Hovey and Bliss Carmen, for time has bestowed its favouring glance on them, and these might be called safe "futures."

III

For the American collector of contemporary literature, the man who wishes to build for the future, nothing could be more helpful than the second-hand catalogue issued by some of the London dealers. One does not mean the swells in the trade, who range themselves along Piccadilly or Oxford Street or on the Charing Cross Road. There are others, little men, perhaps one should say, to be found in a suburb like Wimbledon or a town like Wrexham, who depend on their catalogues to reach their customers. If one orders from them from this distance one is apt to find himself coming after another whose order has not an ocean to cross. The catalogue if carefully studied will tell how the wind sets in the book-hunting field abroad, and what is found desirable there is very likely to find seekers here after an allowance of time for the vogue to reach us. This is a confession of our literary colonialism, if you wish, but facts are stubborn things, and what they have to teach us is that America is not likely to be producing much at present for the future book-hunter. These book catalogues should be a part of one's constant reading as a check list for appraising the offerings of the miscellaneous tables of our own second-hand dealers. Discretion and knowledge might detect the English dealer in the somewhat cynical occupation of himself manufacturing reputations; but he will not mislead us by his warning to get Maurice Hewlett's *Earthworks,* should one be so fortunate, or any of the novels of George Gissing. His indication that this author's first book, *The Workers in the Dawn,* is now valued at three guineas is sufficient spur to quicken one's search. One reads with interest that not one of this author's works but sells at second-hand for a sum well above the original published price. But our stalls, alas! exhibit but American reprints, and these are worthless for any purpose but the reader's. In any state, of course, one never lets an unread Gissing pass, and one can count upon him as a collector's author. Some time the unexpected will happen; the interchange of residence between London and New York often brings books among the store of household effects removed and the restricted spaces of the ordinary New York dwelling necessitate a cutting down of unnecessary impedimenta, and books are so often among the first sacrifices. The second-hand dealer then comes to the householder's relief. No other way could have brought to the fifteen-cent section and to our humble shelves an early work of that choice writer, Vernon Lee, in fine condition and with the right date. Among American authors no one has shown such a steady tendency to rise as Lafcadio Hearn. *Youma* and *Two Years in the French West Indies,* though published in 1890, have already quadrupled their original price. Wily dealers are culling his copies by whatever hedgerow they find them straggling, and if one of his books chances to be a presentation copy, you will not find it easily dropping into your basket.

By the same token, should you chance to have one to sell your courage in making demands will hardly rise to a point that will balk a dealer in meeting you. The writer was surprised at encountering the venomous enmity of a book-seller for simply giving aid to a friend who had some Hearn note-books and a copy of *One of Cleopatra's Nights,* with marginal notes in Hearn's handwriting, to sell. He was not the dealer either to whom the copy had been offered. One sees how

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dark passions may lurk in this dusky business.

Nearly all readers of Henry James are collectors of his first editions, or have been insensibly led into the rôle by going at once for each new book. They may have no others, but they do not part with his. This makes his books infrequently met with in the second-hand stores, though when found, save for *The Princess Cassimassima,* the prices asked are not excessive. Neither does he figure high at auctions. In not a few cases one meets with none but first editions, which shows that his public is not large if devoted, and outsiders have not called for reissues. But the next generation will have its James collectors, and they must be supplied from these hoarded stores, which will then take their revenge for these small editions.

IV

The Irish literary movement has surely furnished collectors' authors. Yeats and Singe are already there, and their case is immensely helped by the charming volumes issued in limited numbers by the Cuala Press at Dundrum, bearing the imprint of the poet's sister. To be placed in this category, however, seems to give no particular satisfaction to the poet himself, for only the other day he wrote in some connection now forgotten by us, about "certain very foolish people known as collectors," and one of this very number who thought to flatter him by telling of the advanced price he had paid for *The Celtic Twilight,* got only the rejoinder: "I'd much rather hear you say you'd bought the last edition." Perhaps the future will take its revenge for his lack of sympathy by paying more for those occasional works, *The Beltane, The Shanachie,* than for the poet's verse.

The group that gave colour and scandal to the failing nineties have their devotees —Symons, Dowson, Beardsley and Wilde, with others less dowered by genius and waywardness. The rare charm of Beardsley's art makes his books less liable to fluctuations, and they are never to be had without a fair outlay. Well-illustrated books are ever a lure to draw on a collector. Changing tastes and feeling leave that noble group of the sixties almost without followers, and one must be poor, indeed, in world's goods not to be able to acquire a portfolio full of the charming woodcuts from Fred Walker, Sandys, Millais and the others.

One such golden opportunity befell the writer. He saw one day a truck unloading a bewildering mass of old magazines, and followed them into a basement shop, where they were stacked to the ceiling in pile after pile. They were of all names and dates, American, English, German and French. The collector had apparently a mania for acquiring that far outran his time or ability to read, for hosts of copies were fresh and uncut. They ran back into old *Edinburghs, Quarterlys,* and *Dublins,* brown with years; into the *Knickerbackers, Mirrors,* what not of early New York days. *Household Words, Once a Week, Good Words, Putnam's, The Argosy, The Riverside* of the mid-century, and all the bewildering congeries of the periodical world of later years. The owner had amassed through a long lifetime, for his name was written on hundreds, and with that tribute he had laid them away to sleep in their pristine freshness until death severed his ownership. Then they came tumbling into the shop of a man too busy, also, to study and classify them. Needless to say the discovery was kept dark and a daily visit paid in the brief leisure of the noon hour. Out of this pile came lovely Fred Walkers, early Du Mauriers, rare and choice Arthur Hughes, Millais in the famous *Parables,* those wonderful La Farges in *The Riverside,* with Boyd Houghton, Pinwell, Small, Lawless, Sandys and Simeon Solomon in practically first impressions, and in the only form the work of many of these men exists, for their drawings were made on the block and perished with the graver's handling. The excitement grew day by day, and from the upper layers of the piles one dug into depths, dislodging strata that sent the whole piles sprawling about the otherwise crowded floors, to the disgust and wrath of the dealer. It took days to bring to light what the writer was convinced would be found, the extremely scarce work of Whistler as an illustrator. Four drawings contributed to *Once a*

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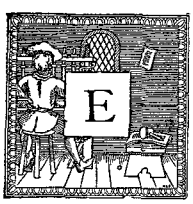
Week and two to *Good Words* represent his production in this field. Three of these were the final reward of the search, one other came to the surface on a later day, when we were not at hand, and was snapped up by a chance customer. The dealer in handling his customer went through all the moods of a confident and triumphant, a bored and an exasperated vendor. He made a fair profit on his investment, selling off the numbers for the most part at the rate of two for five cents, and sometimes rising a little in price when mastered by the suspicion that he was not doing the best for himself. Finally, in a desperate mood, he cleared the whole lot out to one customer, and left the humble digger sighing for the prints sacrificed to limited time.

The poor man who goes in for book collecting will be wise if he chooses a limited field and sticks to it, though such advice is more easily given than followed. To many no field is more attractive than the history of the theatre, for there are prints and playbills to enlarge and illustrate his books. The New Yorker is sure to take readily to works that illustrate the changing tides in this ever changing city. Many who have made practically unique collections have formed them as illustrative comment on the professions they pursue. One who is a painter of Indian life has gathered around him a collection of books bearing upon the frontier life of trappers and traders. As they increase in numbers they take on extrinsic values; what is discarded by the many is precious to him, and his collection in time becomes so valuable that a fireproof building is thought no extravagance to house them. The amusing thing about all this business is that the book collector often gradually ceases to be a book reader, and here enters a problem in psychology that proposes altogether another story.

SOME MODERN ENGLISH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



ETCHING was revived in England in the opening years of the nineteenth century by Turner, who etched the plates for the *Liber Studiorum*—a great work which was planned originally to contain one hundred designs, and, as Mr. A. M. Hind (*A Short History of Engraving and Etching*) says, "to be a monument of the variety and strength of his genius for landscape composition"—and by the Norwich group of painters, Crome, Cotman, Daniell, and others, who formed the first important native school of landscape etching. But Turner's work was not pure etching, since he merely sketched his picture in outline on copper, and left the plate to be finished by the mezzotint engraver. He himself engraved several of them in this style with his own hand, and the process has since been employed by an occasional etcher, notably by Sir Seymour Haden and by Mr. Frank Short, who has applied it with special appropriateness to several of Turner's own drawings not included in the *Liber*.

As for the other artists mentioned, they worked so completely in the spirit of the old Dutch masters that it is difficult to decide whether to regard them as precursors of the present or as belated survivors of the earliest period of etching. Indeed, when Mr. David Keppel made, for *The Print Collector's Quarterly*, a survey of "Landscape Etchings of the Seventeenth Century," he could not resist the temptation to include "Old" Crome, whose close kinship with Ruysdael and Hobbema made him seem quite at home in that company. And yet, though thoroughly imbued with the Dutch spirit of sincerity and of fidelity to nature, neither Crome, nor any other of the early English etchers, ever quite mastered the technique of etching, or learned to recognise the limitations of the medium. Their intention was generally too pictorial, their treatment too positive and complete, for pure line

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to compass without some loss, or, at least, some concealment, of its distinctive force and beauty. And so, while a great deal of interesting and attractive work was done in England in the first half of the century, it was not until about 1860, when a new spirit of independence took possession of English etchers, and a new perception of the special province and of the special problem of etching was acquired, that the modern movement really began.

The two men who did most to stimulate this movement in its early stages were Sir Seymour Haden and Alphonse Legros, both of whom have died within the last year or two. With the personality of the former readers of the BOOKMAN are already more or less familiar. It may be remembered also from the writer's preceding article, on American etching, that Haden visited this country at the height of his reputation, and that he exerted nearly as much influence here as in England. The friend of the French etcher Jacque and of Whistler (whose step-sister he married), he came into direct contact with the French movement, and with its underlying ideas. These he appropriated and made his own. It was Haden who, both in his work and in his writings, first vigorously opposed the pictorial ideals of the earlier period, and it was he who, having made a careful study of the Dutch masters, particularly Rembrandt, first insisted on the strictly linear spirit of etching as an art in which not only everything must be achieved through line, but the line itself must be kept free and open. If he thus narrowed the scope of the etcher as compared with the painter or the artist who employs tonal processes—for clearly line handled in this way must suggest rather than try to represent, and must even leave many things unsaid—he increased his capacity for spontaneous and intimate expression and opened to him a fresh and fascinating field for observing and recording subtle and elusive beauties of nature.

Nor was this all. Mr. Wedmore in his latest work* records the response that Haden once made to the English Academician, Leighton: "'*Rassurez vous mon cher, vous ne serez jamais de l'académie,*' Leighton had said to him. And '*Rassurez vous, mon cher, je suis Président de ma propre Académie,*' Seymour Haden—cordial, yet on the war-path—had replied." This response is significant of another and very important phase of Haden's influence. For it indicates the spirit in which, as founder of the Royal Society of Etchers, he demanded, and obtained, public recognition of the etcher as an original and independent artist. Without such recognition no art can survive long. And if to-day there is perhaps a more active interest in etching in England than in almost any other country—if too of recent years more than one etcher has been accorded that honour of an election to the Royal Academy which was refused him—this is in large measure due to the energy and success of his early missionary efforts.

Haden's work was limited for the most part to pure landscape. That of Legros, the second pioneer of the movement, ranged from landscape to portraiture, and aimed largely at the representation of man's life in relation to nature, combining classic restraint of form with a note of modern romantic sympathy in the treatment of scenes of humble toil, poverty, suffering, and even death. This French etcher went to England in 1866, became a naturalised Englishman, and from 1876 to 1894 held the Slade Professorship of Art at University College. Mr. Keppel used to tell a story about Legros which we recently saw printed for the first time in a book entitled *Le Vieux de la Montagne* by that curious writer of Montmartre, Léon Bloy. Legros's friends, it seems, were deeply affronted by his expatriation, and for many years did not encourage him to return to France. Finally, however, they decided to forgive him, and invited him to cross the Channel and make them a visit. He accepted and was cordially received. There was one question, however, that they could not forbear putting to him with profound interest and curiosity: "*Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est que vous avez gagné en changeant votre nationalité?*" they demanded in chorus? "*Eh bien,*" retorted Legros, "*d'abord, en changeant ma nationalité, j'ai gagné la bataille de Waterloo!*"

*Etchings. By Frederick Wedmore. The Connoisseurs Library. E. P. Dutton and Company, 1911.

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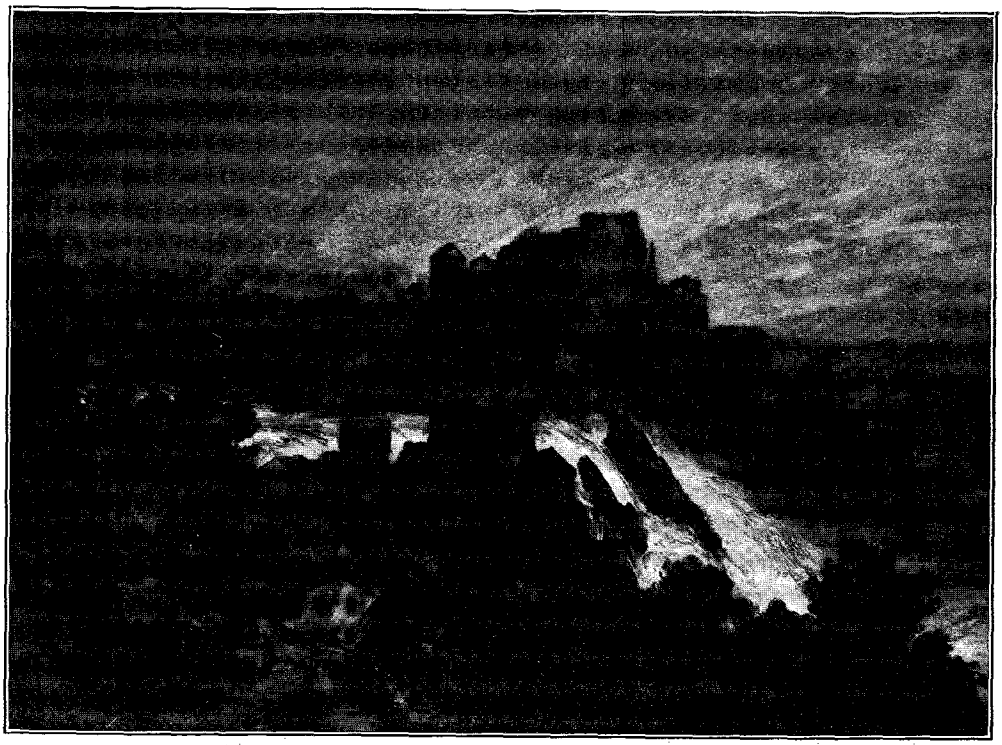
POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM. DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. M. W. TURNER



Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER FOR THE TIBER STUDIORUM. ETCHED AND ENGRAVED BY FRANK SHORT

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Eh bien, one may add as a commentary to this anecdote, whatever the artist himself gained—or lost—by this exchange, England acquired in Legros a great etcher and a great teacher of etching. Many were his pupils in the art of the needle, and these number some of the best known English etchers of to-day. The one who shows most markedly the influence of his training—though it seems that the resemblance between the two men lies largely on the surface—is Mr. William Strang. This etcher has essayed most of Legros's subjects and employed most of Legros's methods. But it cannot on the whole be said that he has achieved much of Legros's success except possibly in the single department of portraiture. For he has no such delicacy of poetic perception, no such feeling for classic form, as, in Legros, prevent a suggestion of the grotesque from ever degenerating into violent disorder and into brutal insistence on ugliness for its own sake. Mr. Strang, who is, one feels rather literal than imaginative, has a fatal tendency to exaggerate; and even in his portraits, of which there is a whole gallery, while some, like the Hardy, are done with great delicacy and with expressive beauty of line, the facial modelling is often carried too far for the balance of the design, and there is a hard and realistic rendering of the shadows that is painfully photographic.

II

On one side at least, a much younger artist, of quite different intentions, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose big architectural compositions are so popular at present, may very possibly owe something to Legros—aside from the courage to etch on a larger scale than most of his important contemporaries. At all events, when Mr. Wedmore writes that, except in avowed ornament, "design has never had the importance that is assigned to it in the art of Brangwyn," one cannot help thinking of Legros's frequent preoccupation with problems of pure design which, even sometimes in those plates where human action is involved, destroys the impression of life-like spontaneity by betraying too obvious an intention to force the attitudes and gestures of the figures into the lines of an arbitrary arrangement. Nevertheless, Mr. Brangwyn's "enhanced attention to design," which is his one point of contact with Legros, is sufficiently unusual, and is what gives their principal value to his plates. These gain nothing in beauty from that exaggerated breadth of style he has adopted to offset the objection that the fine line of etching unfits it for the treatment of large surfaces. There is a demand for big plates on the part of the American and English public which, when it buys a picture, wants one that will cover a good bit of wall space, and Mr. Brangwyn has tried ingeniously to meet this demand without sacrifice of artistic interest and integrity. His aim is decorative rather than pictorial; he does not attempt to compete with the photographer in supplying "views" of buildings and places. But the fact remains that the texture of his work is coarse and unpleasant, and that there is in his plates, as a result of this attempt to gain an "effect" by means that will not bear close inspection, a certain theatrical element suggestive of the art of the scene painter.

Thus one may be pardoned for very much preferring, after all, the work of such an etcher as Axel H. Haig, a Swede who has lived long enough in England to be regarded as an English artist, and who, oddly enough, when one compares their respective techniques, was the master of Zorn. For, while it presents few points of technical interest, and while the medium itself counts for little in the pleasure which it affords, since every attempt is made to lose the individual line in the total effect produced by a close linear mesh, nevertheless it is true etching of a sort, and, besides, represents a long labour of detailed observation and of patient, careful record. The record is mainly of fact, of appearance, but also, to some extent, of feeling, of imaginative mood, especially in that long line of cathedral interiors with which he is most associated; and there is tenderness of atmospheric suggestion in the diffused light that veils the dome above the city in "The Floating Market at Stockholm." The work of Mr. Hedly Fitton, a kindred artist, is more objective, more impersonal, and greater insistence must be placed upon the industry, less upon the charm, in such a plate, "The Rose Window of

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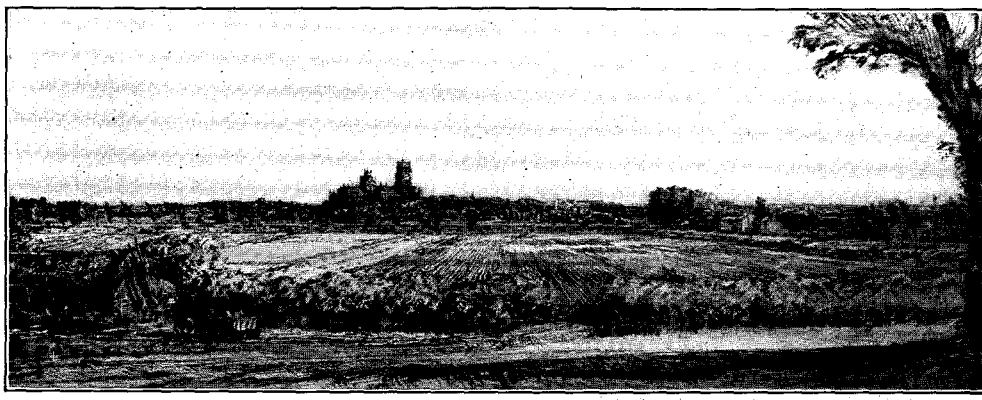

Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

ELY CATHEDRAL. BY MUIRHEAD BONE

Notre Dame." Lately more breadth has crept into Mr. Fitton's etching, and both he and Mr. Albany E. Howarth seem, in abandoning the tradition of Haig, to have felt, at a certain distance, the influence of Brangwyn.

All four of the men last mentioned deal principally with architecture, and there are many others who, like them, travel about Europe in search of the picturesque in city streets and buildings. Thus Mr. Andrew E. Affleck, like so many of our own American etchers, visits Venice. Mr. E. W. Synge travels through Spain, sketching Toledo and other towns that once attracted Mr. Pennell. Mr. C. J. Watson goes wherever there is a bit of Gothic to be recorded with a deft and delicate needle. And one etcher, Mr. E. A. Lumsden, has even, quite recently, roved so far afield as India. For the taste of the public for whatever has romantic interest or historic associations is insatiable, and accords well with the fascination which has come to be felt more and more by the etchers themselves in the special problems involved in architectural representations. This has been fostered to a great extent by the present preponderating influence of Whistler and Meryon. It would be difficult to say which of these has had the greater effect upon Mr. D. Y. Cameron, one of the most impressive of those who, not only in England, but elsewhere, have made a specialty of such subjects. In a certain sombreness of imaginative mood with which he invests the monuments of the Middle Ages, in Paris and in Bruges, Mr. Cameron is clearly akin to Meryon. And even in Venice, to which one would say he was guided by the memory of the American artist, certain of his plates, with their envelope of mysterious gloom, and the dark shadows of their doorways, give the fantastic suggestion of a double presence—of Whistler at work, and of Meryon standing close behind and peering over his shoulder.

Reminiscent of Whistler is Mr. Cameron's fondness for showing us the inner or outer world through an open door or window, or down a dark passageway. For he, too, understands the peculiar power of "magic casements" to create a kind of dream atmosphere. This is what fills his finest plates, whether he shows us "The Five Sisters of York" between the clustering columns of the cathedrals, the tall pointed portal of a mosque with dim lights in the dusky interior, or the distant line of hill and plain above the battlements of a Scottish border castle; and it is this that makes us forget what some have called the hardness and dryness of his technique, if, indeed, this should not rather be described as harsh and bitter—the sign of sharp and intense feeling forced into the bitten line, instead of any spiritual aridity. There is certainly little amenity in his manner of working, little concession to mere grace and prettiness. There is no doubt, too, that he forces and falsifies at times if it is necessary to do so in order to express his mood; that he piles on his blacks with inky heaviness to secure the most violent of contrasts with his whites; and that these contrasts are

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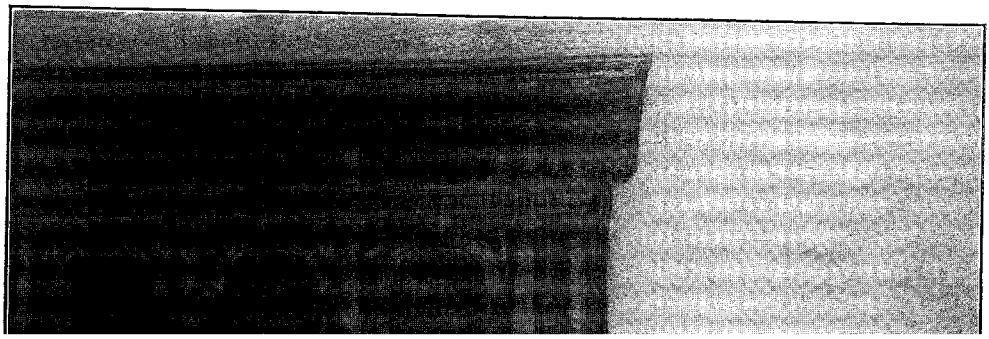

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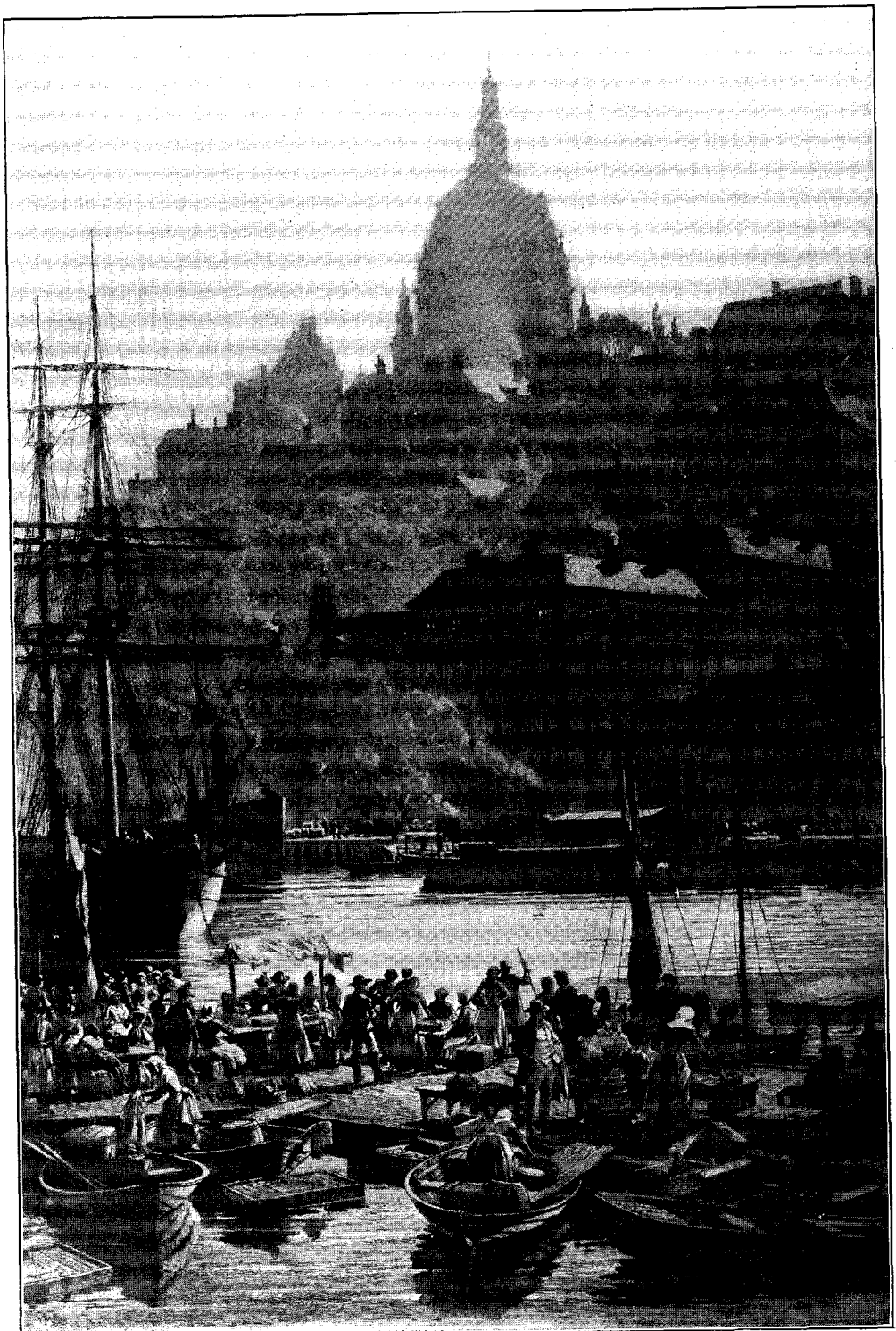

Courtesy of Arthur H. Hahlo and Company

THE FLOATING MARKET, STOCKHOLM. BY AXEL H. HAIG

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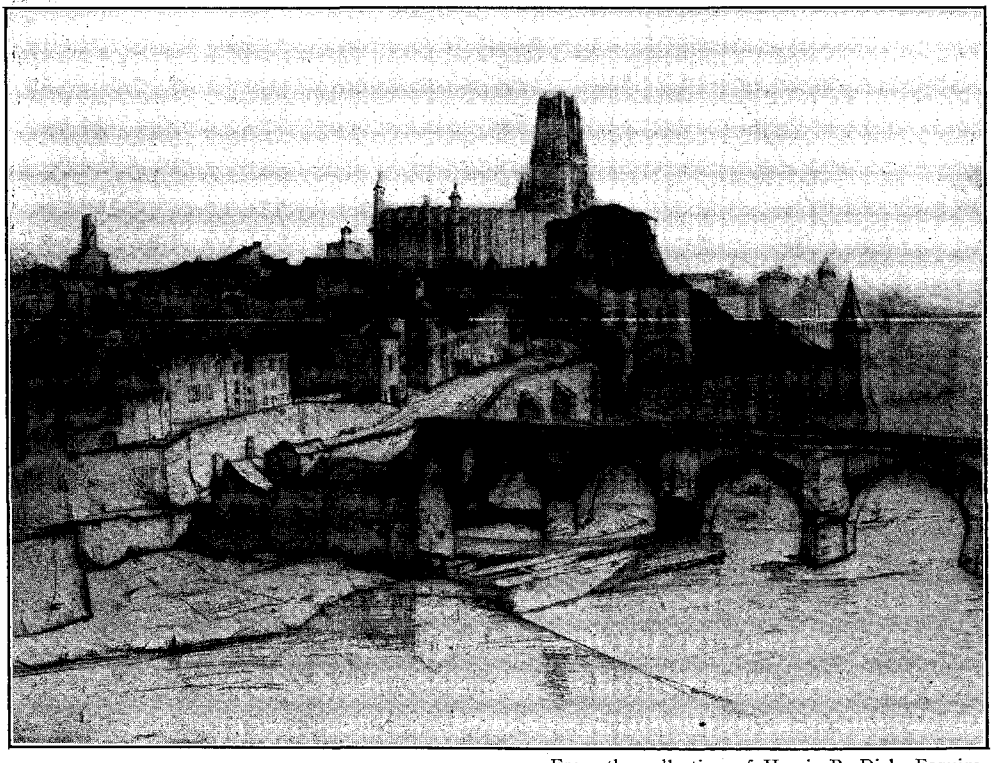
themselves sought for the sake of tonal effects that lie outside the proper field of etching. These things are particularly noticeable in his relatively rare landscapes. Most of them are variations upon a single theme—a band of sable shore parting the luminous pallour of sea and sky. But it is remarkable what variety he gets from this one motive by merely raising or lowering the horizontal lines of the composition.

III

Another etcher whose principal subject is architecture, but who has also done some landscapes and river views, is Mr. Muirhead Bone. Otherwise, aside from the fact that both are Scotchmen, and that their work brings almost equally high prices in the market—a proof of Cameron's "The Five Sisters of York" has sold for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars—there is little in common between these two artists. Mr. Bone works almost exclusively in drypoint—that is, he scratches his design directly on the copper without the use of acids—and he draws with a delicacy and an expressive beauty of line that have won him the highest place among modern etchers as a draughtsman. It is for this reason, chiefly, that his prints are so eagerly sought by collectors. But they are scarce, for only a few impressions have been pulled of each plate, and not many have come to this country. The present writer was able to examine, through the courtesy of its owner, Mr. Harris B. Dick, the only important collection of them here. It numbers twelve prints, and includes the wonderful little view of a hilltown, "Osset," which seems as if it might be the work of an early Italian engraver, and the big plate, "The Demolition of St. James' Hall, Interior," which was so definitely inspired by Piranesi's famous series of etchings, the "Prisons." As in those, so in this, frail ladders and wooden scaffoldings introduced into the vast and gloomy interior, heighten the imaginative and dramatic effect by a contrast of which the English etcher, like the Italian, has



From the collection of Harris B. Dick, Esquire

ALBI. BY MISS HESTER FROOD

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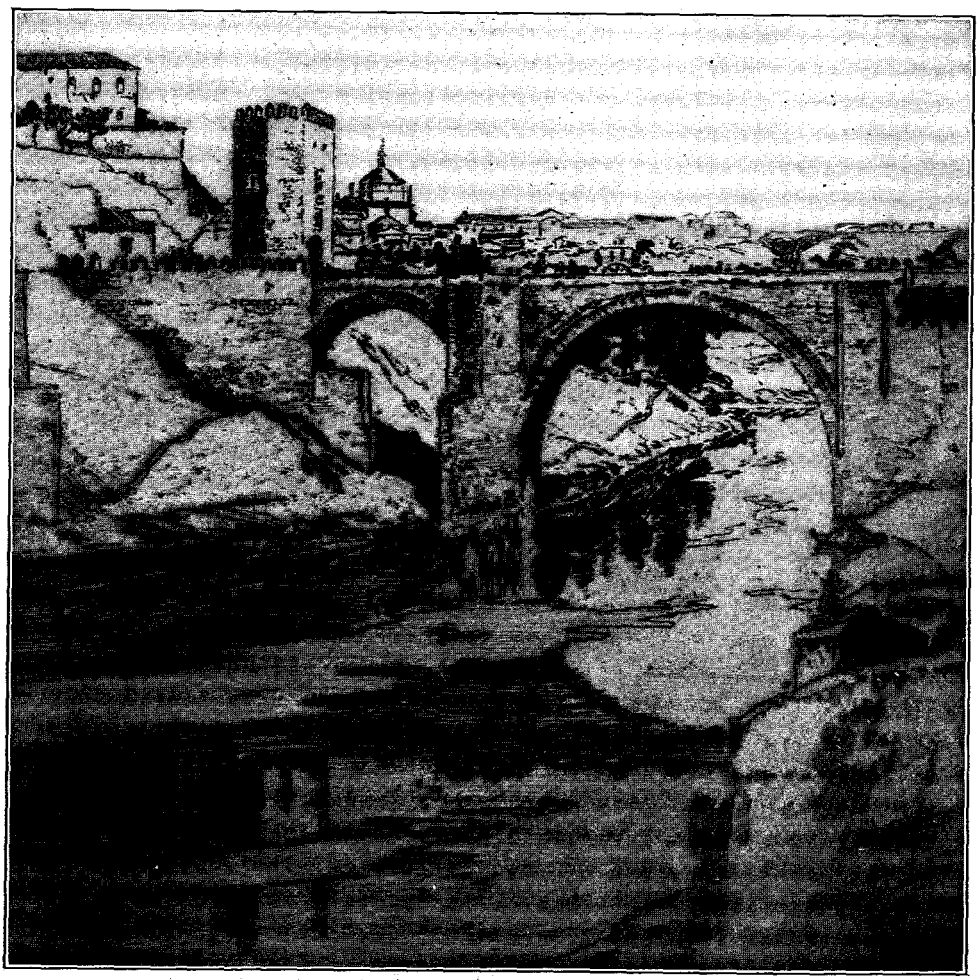
made the most; while the groups of real workmen whom Mr. Bone actually observed as they moved about in the shadows, or busied themselves at some obscure task high up under one of the arches, have no less the air of fantastic unreality than those whom Piranesi imagined among his instruments of torture. The method of creation was very different in the two cases, but the result arrived at is so nearly the same, that once again one is forced to hesitate before deciding to accept as final the distinction commonly drawn between realism and idealism.

Mr. Bone's brother-in-law, Mr. Francis Dodd, has also done some interesting drypoints, and if his way of working, as in "The New Inn" and the "Piazza Venezia"—the second, a crowded plate on a large scale, being a most ambitious undertaking—the artist nevertheless possesses an individuality of his own. This may be seen clearly in his choice and treatment of such a subject as the figure of a woman, dressed to go out, standing in a doorway, where the various rich and elaborate feminine textures are rendered with remarkable truth and beauty—except possibly in the flesh tints of the face, which seem too dark in relation to the light colour of the gloves she has just elegantly finished putting on. Still a third drypoint artist, of rather recent advent, is



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PUENTA EL KANTARA, TOLEDO. BY E. W. SYNGE

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THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH. BY D. Y. CAMERON

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Mr. James McBey, who is devoting himself largely to landscape, which he treats with a delicate line and with inky accents, as in the shadows under the crest of a curling wave. But he has done at least one figure study—"The Ovation to the Matador," it is called, and it shows a tall bullfighter clad in complete regalia, who, as he stands in profile, cuts a striking line against the background. And, lastly, the newest comer of all, though but one of many women etchers in England—we have seen a vivacious study of a scarecrow by Miss Minna Bolingbrooke, or Mrs. C. J. Watson—is Miss Hester Frood, who is or was a pupil of Mr. Cameron's. Even in her slight earliest work she shows cleverness and freshness of vision, as in that study of the Gothic timbers of "The Tithe Barn," in which she has registered her perception of their kinship to the vaults and rafters of a cathedral. While in such a later plate as that which we reproduce, of the Provençal town of Albi—interesting as having given its name to the religious sect of the Albigensi, and so, to the so-called Albigensian Crusade, which destroyed the flower of Provençal culture in the thirteenth century—there is already a good deal of solid accomplishment.

So it will be seen that when Mr. Wedmore gave to his Twenty-fourth Chapter the title: "Many Good English Etchers," he was not far wrong, though he may perhaps appear to have been rather overgenerous in his allotment of space when he devoted fully one-third of his book, covering the entire history of etching, ancient and modern, to the native school—all comprised, as we have seen, within a century, and, for the most part, within the last fifty years. The American reader will resent this display of patriotic prejudice, all the more when he turns to the chapter on "Other Americans"—other than Whistler, that is—and notes the omission of most of our own etchers of approximately the same rank as many English artists who are included. Even those noticed are rather lightly dismissed, with the exception of Mr. MacLaughlan, who is a Canadian! Still, as Mr. Wedmore says, there *are* many good English etchers. If we have mentioned but a few in his long list, *per contra*, we have touched on several who, strangely enough, seemed to have escaped him. There will be still more to-morrow to be taken account of by any one who essays a complete record. For, as we said at the beginning, there is probably no country in the world at present where the interest in etching is as active. A good deal of this is sheer commercial activity, for England sometimes appears like a great factory for the turning out of pictures, and etching is a medium the very name of which carries with it a certain distinction for the general public. But in addition to all these industrious artisans, there are at least two or three really noteworthy artists, and not a few of considerable ability and charm.

In the March BOOKMAN *will be an article on the Professional Publishers' Reader. Each publishing house has its own special way of handling its multitude of manuscripts and of winnowing out the occasional unsuspected talent hidden in the mass of mediocrity. The nature of these different methods; the number of readings which a manuscript usually receives while being seriously considered; the wide range in authority and influence, from the first reader, whose task is mainly that of weeding out what is obviously hopeless, to the special expert whose far-sighted suggestions for revision have laid the foundation stone of more than one literary reputation:—these are some of the aspects that will be treated in the course of the article. There are many good anecdotes à propos of the adventures and misadventures of manuscripts; there are the big literary prizes which escaped rejection by the narrowest of margins; and there is the occasional tragedy of the lost manuscript, which brings consternation and panic; and still again, there is the seemingly innocent manuscript with its hidden pitfall, involving in the one case a clever advertising scheme, and in another an audacious transcript from real life such as might easily lead to a libel suit.*

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THE AILING AUTHOR

BY BAILEY MILLARD

RITING is an unnatural business," says John Muir, who writes so naturally of natural things. "Your head gets hot, your feet get cold and you can't digest your meals."

In talking with Mr. Muir one gains the idea that he looks upon authors as a lot of invalids. If this has been the experience and observation of a hardy mountain-climber, a man who has lived the simplest of simple lives, it follows logically that the sedentary author has a slim chance of escaping the pangs of indigestion, bad cases of "nerves" and the countless other ills which the robust Whitman referred to as "indoor complaints."

That writers always have been preyed upon by such maladies is fully instanced by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy,* and that the world has been given a great many gloomy books because of the cerebral oppression due to diseases of stomach and nerves, as well as to the consumption of grey matter, is a well-known fact.

The case of the carping Carlyle, whose writings, like his conversation, were a succession of scoldings, albeit noble ones, has often been pointed out. Dr. Herman Partsch, a German dietary expert, who studied Carlyle's case very closely, found the seat of his irritability in his diet and chiefly in the fact that he wrote and studied too soon after the ingestion of large quantities of food. This physician declares that the diversion of energy from stomach to brain directly after eating made Carlyle unnaturally low-spirited and pessimistic; furthermore that he did not sufficiently vary his diet, and that, as monotony of food is particularly harmful to writers, it is no wonder that he suffered as he did and made those nearest and dearest to him suffer from his choleric moods.

The present writer has had the fortune to meet many famous authors, and nearly always he has made it a point to ask them how they were affected by their mental labours. In some cases such interrogation was unnecessary, for on meeting a little group of writer folk of more or less distinction some one of them almost invariably would turn the conversation into this channel, and would begin to tell of his particular complaint. In nine cases out of ten it was nervous dyspepsia. One writer, the author of a long string of popular novels, among them a few best sellers, rarely talked for five minutes that he did not refer to his lack of digestion.

"If only I could eat the things that other people eat!" he would sigh again and again. "I'm going to give up this wretched literary game," he would declare. "Wood-chopping beats it all hollow. I'm going to be a woodchopper and have a digestion." But still he toiled away at his stories. A little admixture of axework probably would have done this victim of his own mental intensity a world of good. It is really too bad that the writer or any other craftsman is so prone to one-sidedness.

But before we proceed any further with the ailing authors of the present time let us look back at the cases of a few well-known writers of other days. When an American woman paid a visit to George Eliot in the seventies she found the author of *Middlemarch* stretched out on a divan with one of her acute headaches, the result of overwork and impaired digestion.

"Why don't you take more exercise?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, I walk a little every day," replied the novelist gloomily; "but walking wearies me, and I must feel rested when I write." She had the Balzac theory that writers must have plenty of repose. Balzac made up for his lack of exercise by drinking quarts of coffee, under the inspiration of which "muddy fluid," as Thoreau called it, he could keep his pen swinging for hours. But of course the day of reckoning came. That coffee had to be paid for at the rate of a great many aches a quart. On the other hand, Dickens declared he could not keep his digestion and nervous forces in order unless he took such long walks every day

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as to weary him physically. Prescott, the historian, felt it essential to his health that he walk at least five miles a day. For one thing, Prescott was afflicted with partial loss of sight and said he would have been blind had he not taken to pedestrian exercise. As he walked he composed. He could keep long passages in mind until he sat down at his desk and inscribed them with a stylus. Pen or pencil made too small a mark for his one remaining eye to follow.

Writers are peculiarly liable to weak vision. Francis Parkman's sight was so impaired that he could write only fifteen minutes at a time, and yet he turned out a prodigious amount of literary work of rare quality. Emerson's eyes were good, but, like nearly all deep thinkers, he suffered from dyspepsia, which malady probably was not abated by his habit of eating pie for breakfast. He was a strong advocate of the theory that to eat between meals was to invite digestive disaster. Once when a friend offered him some fruit in mid-afternoon he asked in his grave, conclusive way: "Why should I set all the machinery of my digestion at work upon a single cherry?" Now while we may accept the Concord sage's idea of compensation and admire his wonderful essay on "Self-Reliance," it would be hard to convince the majority of us that the assimilation of one little cherry would set in motion all the machinery of digestion, and even if it did, what harm? When Frances Willard, the famous temperance writer and lecturer, became afflicted with dyspepsia and consulted a noted English specialist about her case, the physician asked:

"How many meals do you eat a day?"

"Two," was the reply.

"Eat six," came the ready reply, "and you will be a well woman."

She ate the prescribed six meals a day and her dyspepsia left her.

This treatment doubtless would be of benefit to those writers who suffer from cerebral torpidity after a heavy meal. For it follows that if one eats six meals a day none of them would be other than light and little distress would follow.

The mental and nervous strain of writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came near being the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Frequently her overstrained nerves and eyes would not permit her to finish her regular instalment of the serial for the *National Era*. When the story was ended Mrs. Stowe was completely exhausted and was confined to her bed for a long time.

Darwin was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, his case being similar to Carlyle's, for his malady was easily attributable to the continuous diversion of energy from the digestive organs to the brain. So far as his health permitted he devoted his entire life to scientific researches and to the writing of his wonderful books. Had it not been for his sea voyaging he probably would not have lived to study and write so long. Like most great thinkers, he was also a great talker, and his tremendous consumption of energy in conversation, taken along with other calls upon his vitality, sapped his physical powers.

There are authorities who hold that those engaged in heavy intellectual pursuits should eat little. Immanuel Kant went upon this theory. His breakfast consisted of a cup of tea, upon which he worked eight hours. He ate one meal a day and that a light one. But he was never really a well man. The starvation diet for authors has been tried often since his day, sometimes perforce and sometimes as a health fad. Despite glowing testimonials to its efficiency from such authorities as Mr. Upton Sinclair and the man, whoever he was, that wrote the book on the no-breakfast cure, the starvation treatment has not seemed to work successfully. What would you—a gaunt, feeble, ill-nourished body or a well-fed and robust one? Were it not better to cease all mental labour for a season, if it interfere with good digestion, and stoke the human furnace with sufficient fuel to make the engine steam up to full efficiency? There is a rational method of fully feeding the human machine of the mental worker that will make it run easily and steadily for a whole lifetime. Some of the hardest literary workers in the world have known and practised this method of late years, and because Carlyle, Darwin, Dickens and Eliot did not know, or, if they knew, did not practise it, why should it not be employed by every one in what Hamerton calls "the

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intellectual life"? It merely consists of not writing longer than two hours at a sitting nor more than four hours a day for five days a week, of never eating too heartily a short time before or after writing and of taking plenty of exercise in the open air.

A well-known novelist who thinks so little of his digestive apparatus as to have his luncheon served on his desk and who plunges into his work immediately after dining, has often expressed his wonder as to why he is ill so much and unable to write. After every meal he takes a dyspepsia tablet in a glass of water. When a friend advised him to write only in the morning and to walk three or four miles every day he said, "Oh, you health faddists make me tired!"

Many eminent writers have been handicapped by chronic diseases. Stevenson suffered from consumption of the lungs for over twenty years, during which time he wrote a long row of books that are among our choicest literature. Often he wrote sitting up in bed when it seemed that the black wings of death were hovering over him. Year after year the struggle with ill-health became more painful to him. He wrote of his illness in 1887 as "an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome." In his case, though writing wearied him and kept him indoors when he should have been out in the open air, it helped to keep his mind off his malady, which was in itself a great blessing and, without doubt, it prolonged his life.

The attitude of the British man of letters toward his work is vastly different from that of the American. Every English writer has a hobby, generally one that takes him out of doors, and as he nearly always lives in the country he easily can indulge those open-air predilections which are traditional with his race. Rarely will you find an English writer who hurries his work. As a rule they do not write more than two or three hours a day. The novelists are content to turn out one book a year or less. And this is done leisurely and with full regard to sequence, so that there need be little rewriting, though they do not stint themselves in producing what they call "a fair copy." So that, as a rule, there is not so much nervous strain and consequent lack of health as is seen among American authors, most of whom live in cities and, save for short walks in the crowded streets, shut themselves indoors. It is just as Taine has observed about the Englishman of letters: "He lives in the open air, he withstands the encroachments of a sedentary life, which always elsewhere leads the modern man to agitation of the brain, weakness of the muscles and excitement of the nerves."

The beauty of it all is that the Briton takes his healthy condition as a matter of course. If you ask an English author, as the writer once asked the ruddy-faced H. G. Wells, why the writers of his country are such a healthy lot, he is likely to reply as did the author of *Marriage:*

"I don't know, really. Are American writers unhealthy?"

When the writer remarked that he feared many of them were, he said he thought that it might be from the practice of chewing gum while they wrote! And while he was on that subject he said:

"Everywhere I go in America I see people chewing gum—in the street, in the trams, in the motors, in the shops. I have seen well-dressed men and women sitting in hotel parlours chewing while they conversed. How undignified!"

It would have been unwise to take the trouble to assure Mr. Wells that American authors were innocent of the habit ascribed to them, for it would have been a pity to upset such a picturesque idea and hoped he would put it into a book, but he didn't.

Among American writers who have suffered even unto death from the effects of shutting themselves indoors and denying themselves proper exercise may be mentioned Frank Norris, Stephen Crane and O. Henry. The brief life story of Norris, with its long and intense periods of overwork and little play, his persistent disregard for the rules of health, which every man, whether author or auctioneer, must obey, should be a warning to all writers who would see the game through to its logical conclusion; for the author of *The Octopus* dropped out of it at an age when the reading public expected most of him and when, indeed, he promised most.

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Dyspepsia in its worst form came near ending the life of David Graham Phillips long before his untimely death. Phillips tried in every way except refraining from overwork at the wrong time to combat the ills of indigestion. For a long time he rose early, ate a few grapes and worked for hours at a standing desk. He thought that this plan suited his particular case, though he once said that he would not recommend it to others. "Writing is hard work at its best," he said, "torturesome work; but to stand up to a desk and dig away with a pencil for four or five hours at a stretch is as hard as galley-slaving." Indeed, he found it in time unendurable, and changed to the less irksome plan of sitting while at work. Also he gave up the idea of early morning work, and just before his death he was writing exclusively at night; but his malady remained with him to the end. "Everything I eat," he said, "distresses me. I suppose it's because of my digging so hard at the desk, but it's only by such infernal means that I can accomplish anything."

The physical basis of the intellectual life has been studied very carefully by Edwin Markham, who has fought off dyspepsia by rational eating and has kept his nerves in a tranquil state by being out of doors as much as possible. For about eight months of the year he sleeps on an upper veranda of his home in Westerleigh, Staten Island. Last year he kept up this practice until the middle of December. During the coldest months he sleeps indoors with the bedroom windows raised high.

"I believe all brain workers would be benefited by outdoor sleeping," he declares. "Many of them are subject to insomnia. The open air would cure that in most cases. One requires less sleep out of doors than in the house. I can do one-third more work by breathing fresh air when in bed than when I shut myself in, which I rarely do nowadays."

Edith Wharton finds relief from the exhausting strain of intense, analytical novel-writing in motoring. Kate Douglas Riggs avoids the nervous reaction of desk work by being out in the open air as much as possible. In the summer months she often writes out of doors, a feat which many writers find impossible because of the effect of too much light on their paper and of the exterior sights and sounds that distract attention. In former years Jack London suffered greatly from insomnia, and is said to have kept a little supply of food at the head of his bed, as he found that eating tended to produce slumber. Of late years he has relied upon riding, yachting and shooting to keep him in good writing trim.

Rex Beach declares that he has no maladies. "I am in better health when I write than when I loaf," he told the writer not long ago. "Fresh air and some exercise are all I need—fresh air in the room and exercise in the open. I am hopelessly normal in my work, my habits, my appetites and my ills. I live like a business man and suffer like one. The only serious suffering I ever underwent was commuting. Now I've cut that out and live in town."

Lloyd Osbourne is another open-air writer. "I have been an author for more than twenty years," he writes, "and I cannot recollect that I have ever suffered from anything very much except lack of money. I did have measles when I was six, and New Guinea fever when I was twenty-five, and recently I lost my appendix, but none of these may fairly be ascribed to literature, except perhaps the last, when, having gotten a little ahead of the game financially, my pocket-book attracted the doctors. I have a light heart, an inextinguishable good-nature, a joy that never tires of the out of doors; I stand six feet, have kept my hair, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, and am altogether satisfied with this mundane sphere."

And here is the advice of Walter H. Page to authors and other brain workers, penned for the BOOKMAN at the writer's request. It is so good that it shall be used at the end of this paper to clinch the argument, if any has been made, for rational living by writers:

> Do mental work every day hard enough to tire your mind and physical work, preferably out of doors, hard enough to tire your body; live in the country and in the open air as much as you can and don't talk about your health nor write about it.
>
> That's the game as I try to play it.

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FELICITAS

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MARIO RAPISARDI

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

High on a granite headland,
  Where endless surges beat,
The white, impassible goddess
  Sits throned on a gleaming seat.

Over the ocean hanging
  The sky is a vault of lead;
Like lava boil the waters
  And far their roarings spread.

The awful night and solemn
  By no new star is rent;
In darkness forever and ever
  The voices of life lament.

The ocean cries in resurging
  To the cliff that above it rears:
"I nourish myself forever
  With human blood and tears."

And the wind round the goddess whirling
  Breaks in with its ancient cry:
"I am the wail of the people,
  Of the ages I am the sigh."

And all that is breathing and loving,
  From the sky, and the sea, and the ground
With the voice of lament is crying,
  Lost in the night profound:

"Wilt thou look from thy mount, O goddess,
  On the wrecked forevermore?
Shall no one, no one forever,
  Be able to touch thy shore?"

If thou art a vain illusion,
  A shape of a dream's impress,
Why more than all do I crave thee?
  Why more than truth dost thou bless?

O thou who above me art gleaming,
  O sphinx of no answering breath,
O white, impassible goddess,
  Art thou, O, art thou death?

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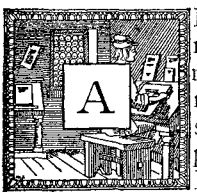
THE NEW REALISM IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



N effort to achieve a new realism in the drama has made itself apparent very recently in the works of several of the younger playwrights of Great Britain; and this effort has already assumed such important proportions that it constitutes one of the most interesting movements in the contemporary theatre. Among the writers who have contributed to this new movement are Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, John Masefield, Elizabeth Baker, Macdonald Hastings, Stanley Houghton, and Githa Sowerby. These authors differ markedly from one another in the mood and message of their plays, but they exhibit a surprising agreement in their revolutionary manner of attacking the technical traditions of the stage.

It is apparently their purpose to carry the drama more nearly into accord with actuality than it has ever been before, by the expedient of ignoring the tradition of the well-made play. Instead of attempting further to perfect the pattern of playmaking which has been handed down from Scribe, through Dumas *fils* and Ibsen, to Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, they have chosen to discard the pattern and to adopt a method of construction more closely in accordance with the modesty of nature. They do not build their stories to a climax at the close of the penultimate act; for they disdain the easy emphasis of curtain-falls and desire to avoid any artificial heightening of a single favoured incident. They seem to disagree with the immemorial axiom of Aristotle that a play should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; for they admit only that the drama must exhibit the middle of an action. Their plays begin almost anywhere, and often do not end at all. The final stage-direction of Mr. Barker's *The Madras House* is, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject"; and then the curtain falls. We feel—and the author desires us to feel—that he might have stopped an act sooner or written ten acts more. Mr. Galsworthy, in *The Pigeon,* leaves his characters finally in the same dilemma in which he initially discovered them; and the whole point of the play is that nothing has been done—and nothing can be done—to relieve the life-problem of which he has granted us a momentary glimpse. By deliberately avoiding a conclusion, and by starting the story at a point which presupposes innumerable antecedent causes, these authors seek to imitate the drift of life itself—which exhibits no beginnings and no endings, but only an appalling continuity.

Nature is neither selective of events nor logical in the arrangement of them; but without selection and arrangement it is impossible to make a plot. In this dilemma, the apostles of the new realism prefer to side with nature, and are willing, whenever necessary, to get along without a plot. In order to remove attention from the element of plot, they cast entire emphasis upon the element of character. Character is all they care about; and provided that their imaginary people are representative and real, they do not deem it indispensable that they shall reveal themselves in terms of action. They even undertake to extend the province of the drama by including in their plays such unassertive characters as have always been regarded hitherto as undramatic. They refuse to restrict the drama to an exhibition of a struggle between human wills resulting necessarily in action, and often choose instead to exhibit a deadlock between human wills that results in the negation of action. Thus, in Miss Baker's *Chains,* the essential idea is that the characters are so situated that they can accomplish nothing of any consequence upon their own initiative, and that nothing of any vital interest can happen to them. Her play is a study of the hopelessness of thwarted wills.

Such characters as these, when exhibited upon the stage, must reveal themselves mainly through the medium of dialogue. What they think and what they

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feel must express itself more through what they are heard to say than through what they are seen to do. The plays of the new realists are therefore less visual, and more auditory, in their appeal than the majority of our contemporary dramas. It appears that these young authors might have taken for their motto that striking phrase of Stevenson's, in a letter to Mr. Henry James—"Death to the optic nerve." By their reliance upon dialogue as the essential factor of their plays, they seem to be seeking what may be called a return to literature. Their dialogue is masterly: it has to be; for their plays appeal so little to the eye that the audience is required to listen closely to the spoken words.

What, now, shall be said concerning these departures from the practice of the greatest playwrights of the elder generation? Much, upon the one hand, may be said against them. The endeavour of the new realists is based upon the assumption that life itself is more dramatic than any theatrical selection and arrangement of events. They therefore exercise their artistry in an effort to conceal the fact that the drama is different from nature. But if this effort were ever perfectly successful, the drama would cease to have a reason for existence, and the only logical consequence would be an abolition of the theatre. It would seem, as a matter of principle, that there can scarcely be a fruitful future for a movement which, if extended to the utmost, would result in a *reductio ad absurdum*.

But, on the other hand, if we judge the apostles of the new realism less by their ultimate aims than by their present achievements, we must admit that they are rendering a very useful service by holding the mirror up to many interesting contrasts between human characters which have hitherto been ignored in the theatre merely because they would not fit neatly into the pattern of the well-made play. And in presenting their unconventional material, these young authors have succeeded in producing an astonishing impression of reality. By suggesting the potential intensity of a static situation, they often achieve an effect that is more profoundly moving than if they had made the stage noisy with alarums and excursions. Even a critic who might disagree with their theories could not fail to recognise and to admire the extraordinary talents of these authors. Because of the sincerity of their respect for life and the seriousness of their endeavour to represent it faithfully, they have already earned a high rank upon the roster of contemporary dramatists.

"Chains"

Miss Elizabeth Baker's *Chains* was reviewed in detail in the BOOKMAN for October, 1910, shortly after its first emergence at the Duke of York's Theatre in London; and the extraordinary merits of this sincere and moving composition are so well known by this time to students of the contemporary stage that it is not necessary to repeat in the present context what was said about it then. The review referred to was concluded with the following sentences: "Mr. Frohman has promised to produce the play in America; and it will probably succeed if it is presented as faithfully as it was done in London. But a single American actor in the cast, for instance, would spoil all of the effect; and if any attempt be made to make the atmosphere of the piece seem less foreign to Americans, the piece will surely fail. It must stand or fall as what it is—a *genre* study, as local as a Dutch interior painting, and just as universal in the hints it offers of humanity at large."

This warning seems to have been prophetic. On December 16, 1912, Mr. Frohman presented a travesty of *Chains* at the Criterion Theatre in New York. Only one performance was given; and this was more than enough. Miss Baker's little masterpiece had been rewritten in American slang by an author whose name was printed in such large letters on the programme that it need not be repeated here. The locality had been shifted to a New Jersey suburb of New York; and by this arbitrary alteration the situation of the characters was robbed of all significance. A fabricated happy ending took the place of the original ironical conclusion. The piece was produced without any atmosphere whatever; and though several of the actors were supposed to embody characters belonging to the same family, some of them

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spoke literary English and the others the nasal dialect of the Bowery.

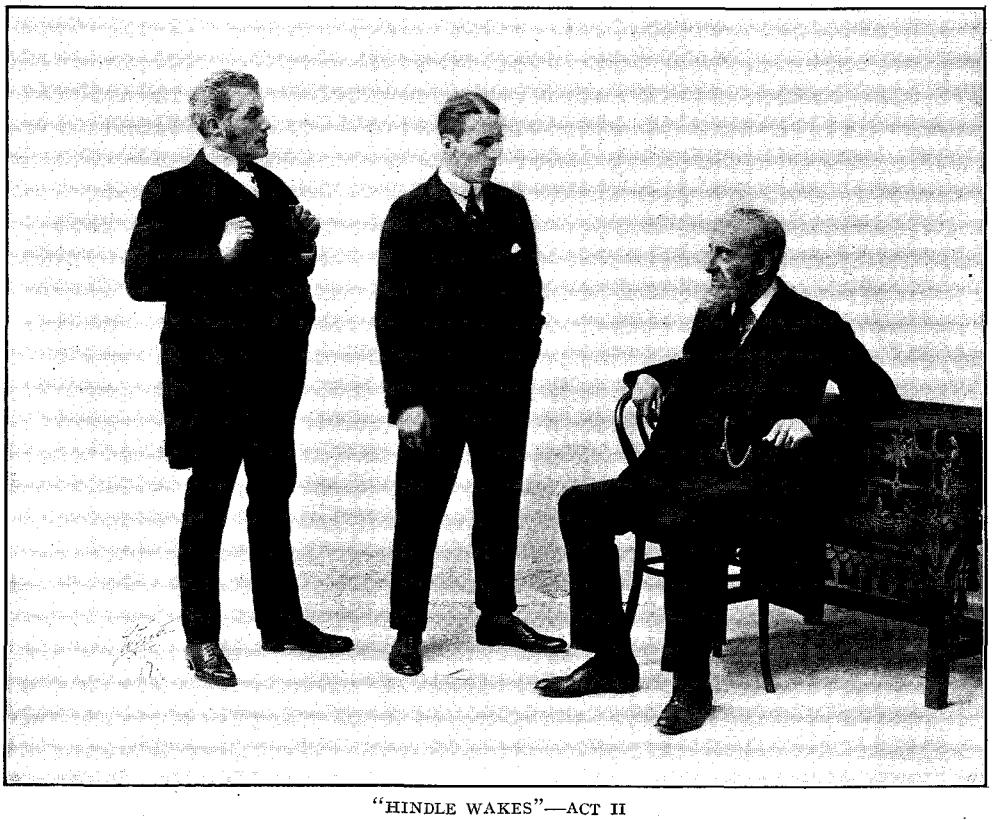
To Charles Frohman must be assigned the credit of having produced Miss Baker's play in London; and to Charles Frohman must be assigned the disgrace of having produced this impudent revision in New York. Can it be that Mr. Frohman considers his fellow-countrymen less intelligent than the public overseas?

"Hindle Wakes"

Hindle Wakes is the first full-length play of a new author, Mr. Stanley Houghton, of Manchester. It is written in the Lancashire dialect; and it presents an analysis of the psychological reactions of eight characters selected from the industrial class of the author's home county. It is a work of extraordinary vividness and truth; and it indicates that Mr. Houghton is richly endowed with the two essentials of creative power—observation and imagination.

"Hindle" is the name of a little factory town; and "the wakes" is the Lancashire term for the midsummer week-end that culminates with the August bank-holiday. During this week-end, the son of a mill-owner and a girl who works in his father's factory happen to meet each other in a holiday resort, and, yielding to a mutual attraction, run away and consort together over "the wakes." Each of them looks upon this escapade merely as a momentary lark. Their mood is mutually irresponsible; they expect their excursion into immorality to remain unknown to anybody else; and since they both are thoroughly aware that they do not really love each other, neither of them desires to renew their adventurous relation in the future.

This is the only incident in Mr. Houghton's story; and this incident is assumed



"HINDLE WAKES"—ACT II

"All these people, being different in character, react in different ways to the shock of the disclosure; and the subtle differences of their modes of thought and feeling are disclosed in masterly details of dialogue."

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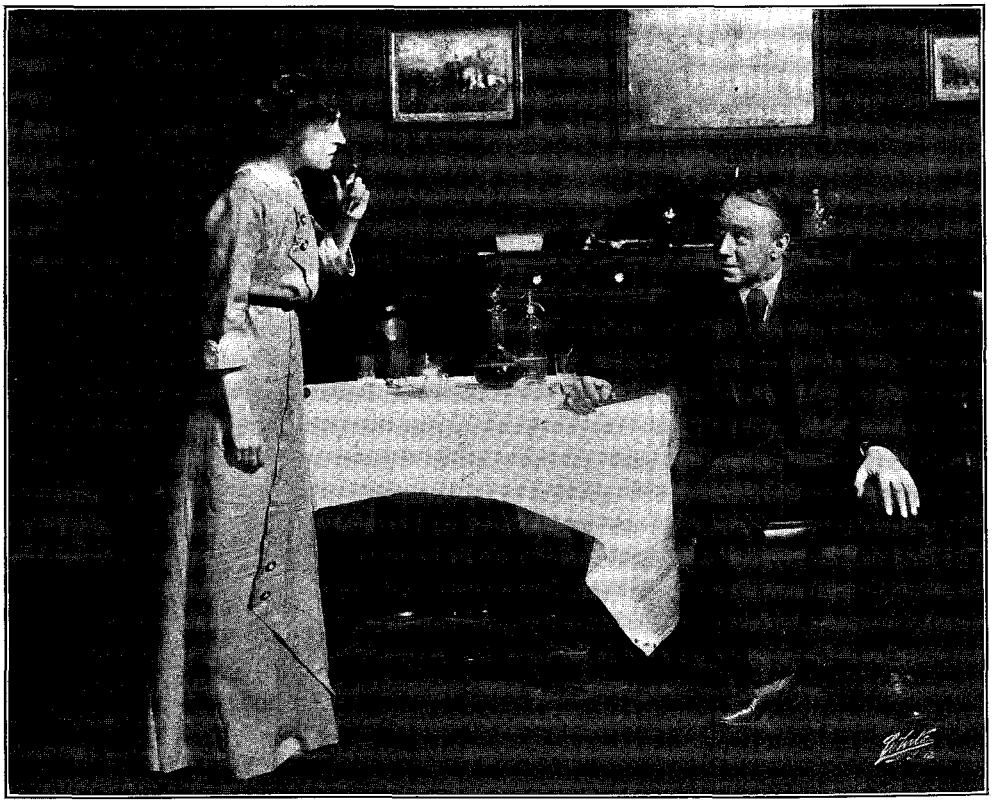
to have occurred before the play begins. The piece opens with the accidental discovery of this immoral escapade by the parents of the girl; and the purpose of the author is merely to exhibit the effect that the revelation makes upon them, and afterward upon the parents of the boy, upon the girl he is engaged to, and upon her father. All these people, being different in character, react in different ways to the shock of the disclosure; and the subtle differences of their modes of thought and feeling are disclosed in masterly details of dialogue. After a good deal of acrimonious discussion, it is finally decided by a consensus of the three families that the young man must "make the working-girl respectable" by giving her his name. But at this point the girl herself refuses to marry him, because she does not love him, because she considers herself as responsible as he for what has happened, and because she is thoroughly capable of taking care of herself, in Hindle or—if necessary—elsewhere. This unexpected declaration of independence occurs at the close of the play, and gives the audience something serious to think about for many nights thereafter.

"Rutherford and Son"

Rutherford and Son is also the first play of a new author. It was written by Miss Githa Sowerby, a young woman in her early twenties. No better proof could be afforded of the inherent vigour of the new realistic movement in the British drama than the astounding maturity and masculinity of this surprising work.

The piece exhibits the impossibility of any invigorating struggle between human wills in a household whose weaker members are utterly dominated by one man of extraordinary strength. John Ruther-



"RUTHERFORD AND SON"—ACT III

"The old man, undaunted by the human wreckage he has tossed aside, accepts the bargain; and he smiles a wistful and a pleasant smile as he muses that his life-work will be carried on by the little infant to be trained up to the task."

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ford is sixty years of age. He has devoted his entire life to building up the business of Rutherford and Son, and he has never allowed himself to think of anything else. He is a stern taskmaster —first of all, for himself, and inferentially, for everybody else whose life he touches. He has never, in his own experience, felt the need of any diversion from his work; and, in consequence, he cannot understand why the members of his family should seek alleviation from the daily round of duties he imperially imposes on them. Hence, in time, his very presence bereaves his household of all joy, and by his dominance of will he crushes the life-spirit out of all the lesser members of his family.

His daughter seeks relief in a clandestine love affair with the foreman of her father's factory; and when Rutherford learns of their relation, he discharges the foreman and casts his daughter out of his house. His elder son rifles his father's cash-box and runs away, because Rutherford has stolen the formula of an invention which the young man has made, in order to apply it to the business advantage of the firm. His younger son seeks refuge in the Church, and dwindles to a useless vicar. His unserviceable sister decays into a scolding middle age. Ultimately, nobody is left in the house of Rutherford except the deserted wife and child of his absconding elder son. This woman, in her hour of need, summons up sufficient spirit to strike a bargain with him. If he will support her and her little son for ten years, she will, at the end of that time, give her child into his hands to be trained up to inherit the business of Rutherford's. The old man, undaunted by the human wreckage he has tossed aside, accepts the bargain; and he smiles a wistful and a pleasant smile as he muses that his life-work will be carried on by the little infant to be trained up to the task.

There is very little action in this play; but the characters are analysed with an overwhelming truthfulness. The dialogue is written in the dialect of the North Country; and by carefully avoiding any literary elaboration of the lines, the author has succeeded in producing a powerful impression of the reality of speech.

"Fine Feathers"

The only recent play of American authorship which may be compared in vigour with these works of the younger British realists is *Fine Feathers*, by Mr. Eugene Walter; and despite its theatrical effectiveness, this piece must be ranked upon a lower level of achievement. The plot is more important than the characters; and though the play develops an interesting theme, the critic cannot help feeling that the author was thinking more of the theatre than of life during the course of the composition.

Bob Reynolds is a young chemist with very little money; and his ambitious wife is bored with their monotonous existence in a Staten Island bungalow. A rich promoter, named Brand, offers him a bribe of forty thousand dollars if he will countenance and conceal the substitution of an inferior grade of cement for the superior grade that is called for in a contract Brand has received to build a certain dam. Reynolds indignantly declines the bribe; but during the course of a month his wife gradually succeeds in persuading him to accept it.

Enriched by forty thousand dollars, Reynolds moves to a comfortable villa on Long Island; but his living expenses increase to such an extent that he takes to speculating in Wall Street in order to increase his fortune. He wins a little, for a time; but afterward he loses all the money that he has, and ten thousand dollars more. He implores Brand to help him out of his difficulty; but the latter merely scorns him. Then the dam bursts; and the resultant flood occasions an appalling loss of life. In utter despair, Reynolds telephones the police to hurry to his house, and then commits suicide.

Fine Feathers is constructed in accordance with the formula of the well-made play. The first two acts seem a little desultory, because the advance of the story is impeded by several passages of comic relief which are dull in themselves and are only slightly related to the plot; but the last two acts reveal a cumulative tensity of structure that reminds the critic of the work of Henry Bernstein. Yet, when the play is over, one feels that the author's achievement has been mainly

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technical; for the piece is more remarkable as a fabrication than as a revelation of experience.

"The Conspiracy"

The other American plays which remain to be noted in this number look ephemeral indeed by the side of *Hindle Wakes* and *Rutherford and Son,* for in none of them do the authors seem to take the drama seriously as a medium for representing life. The success of *Within the Law* has resulted in a sudden epidemic of melodramas in which criminals are hunted by detectives and police. Several of these fabricated plays of plot have met with the approval of the public; but none of them need detain us in detail.

The most exciting of the lot is *The Conspiracy,* by Mr. John Emerson and Mr. Robert Baker. The heroine is the sister of an assistant district attorney, and she has been helping her brother to gather evidence against a gang of criminals engaged in the white slave traffic. Cornered by the leader of the gang, she is obliged to kill him in self-defense. In actual life the young woman would immediately have gone to the office of the district attorney and made public the facts of the case; but, in order that there may be a play, the heroine of *The Conspiracy* runs away from the police and hides in an East Side settlement house. She is engaged as a stenographer by Winthrop Clavering, an amateur criminologist who earns his living by writing popular accounts of current crimes for an evening newspaper. Clavering dictates to the heroine an imaginary narrative of the recent murder which approaches so nearly to the facts that she breaks down and confesses that she did the killing. His first impulse is to turn her over to the police; but she soon persuades him that she is innocent of murder, and enlists his help in rounding up the members of the gang.

"The Argyle Case"

In writing *The Argyle Case,* Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins were aided by the co-operation of the noted detective, Mr. William J. Burns; and their detective-hero, named Asche Kayton, is supposed to employ the methods of the co-operating author.

The elderly Mr. Argyle has been murdered mysteriously in his library; and Asche Kayton spends four acts in tracking down the murderer. In the course of this endeavour he also discovers and entraps a gang of counterfeiters. The plot is very complicated, and is sufficiently exciting; but very few of the characters reveal any reasonable motives for their actions. Kayton records the finger-prints of nearly every actor in the cast, and employs the dictagraph to secure evidence against the counterfeiters; and these technical devices serve to satisfy the curiosity of an audience that cares more about the theatre than it cares for life.

"Blackbirds"

Mr. Harry James Smith possesses a decided talent for social satire; but in his recent play called *Blackbirds* he seems unable to sustain the mood of melodrama. The heroine has been a professional smuggler for many years; and the hero, with whom she is deeply in love, is also a criminal adventurer, and, at the moment, is eluding the police. The author vitiates his story at the outset by seeking to discover moral motives for what he regards as their revolt against society. Mr. Smith will not be satisfied with a crook who is really a crook; he desires also that the crook should be a highly moral person: and this desire for morality effects the ruin of his melodrama.

The hero and the heroine pass themselves off as European aristocrats, and are entertained as guests by a family of *nouveau riche* Americans. They have planned to steal a forty thousand dollar rug from the house of their unsuspecting hosts and to substitute in its stead a worthless imitation. The heroine accomplishes the substitution; but at this providential moment an old woman named "Grandma" appears in the parlour and talks to her sentimentally about God for what seems a very long time. The heroine is so deeply moved by this conversation that she subsequently replaces the stolen rug, even though in doing so she realises that she is condemning the man she loves to almost certain capture. This moralising and immoral scene is so ab-

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surdly false to life that the play falls to pieces then and there.

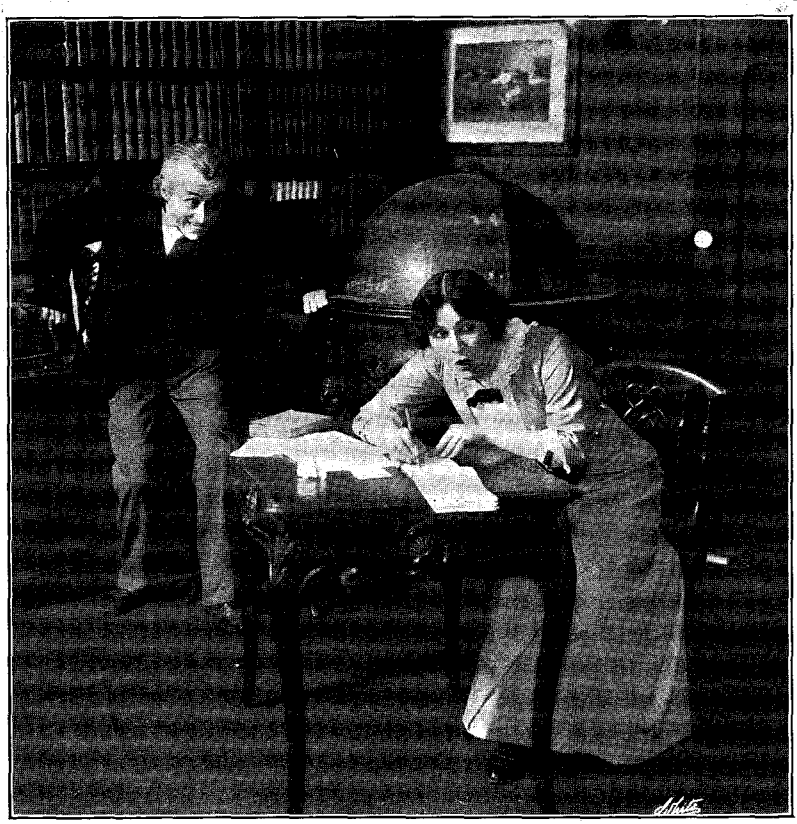
But in the earlier acts there are several amusing passages of comedy in which the author satirises the social ambitions of the family of climbers. This material is so entertaining that it seems a pity that it should have been wasted in a play whose serious plot is so far from satisfactory.

"Stop Thief"

Stop Thief, by Mr. Carlyle Moore, is another play in which criminals are hunted by detectives and police; but the story is developed in the mood of farce. Into a certain household the author introduces a couple of professional thieves; but when several articles of value have disappeared and the police have been sent for, the search for the real criminals is complicated by the fact that two thoroughly honest members of the family secretly suspect themselves to be afflicted with kleptomania, and consequently do all that they can to embarrass the investigators. This farcical idea is developed with an astonishing fertility of invention. The plot becomes more and more complicated as the play proceeds, and with each new complication the farce becomes more funny than before.

"Peg O' My Heart"

Peg O' My Heart is a conventional fabric of the theatre by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. By the will of a rich uncle, a poor, uncultivated Irish girl is left to be educated by a family of aristocratic English cousins. They are so offended by her lack of manners that they continue to maintain her in their house only to secure the monthly stipend allotted to them in her uncle's will. They make her life miserable with con-



"THE CONSPIRACY"—ACT III

"Clavering dictates to the heroine an imaginary narrative of the recent murder which approaches so nearly to the facts that she breaks down and confesses that she did the killing."

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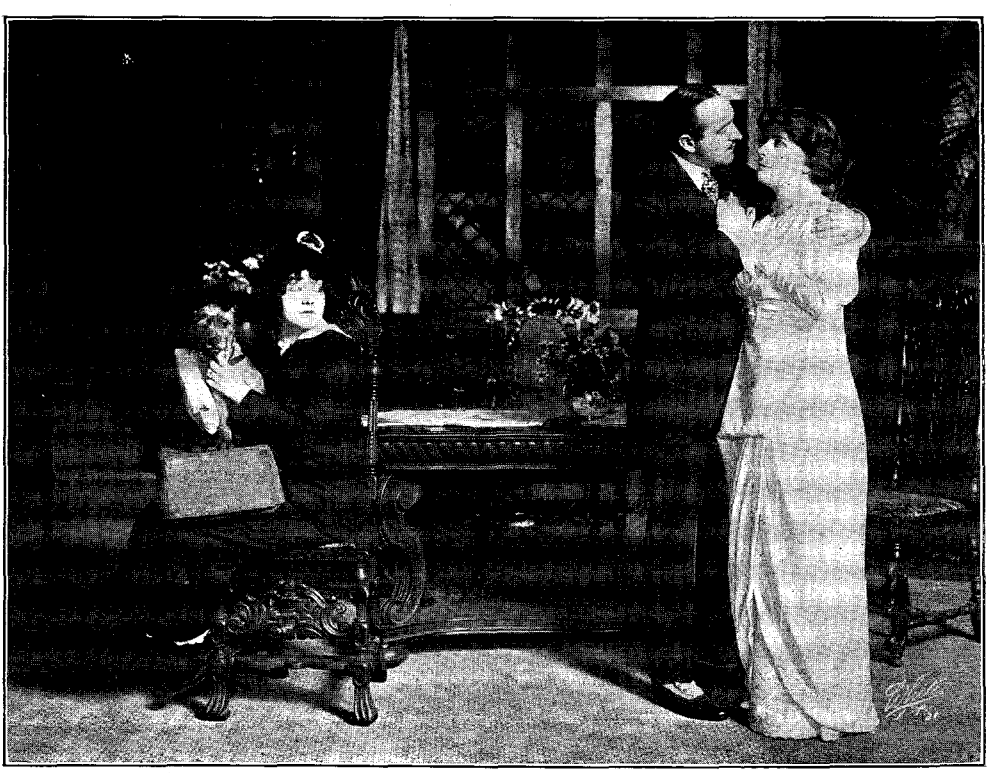
tinual reproofs; but, in spite of her crudity, she is at heart a much more wholesome person than her snobbish relatives. She proves this ultimately by preventing her cousin from eloping with a married man and tarnishing the family name with scandal. At the end of the play she marries a fine gentleman with a title, who has fallen in love with her because she has no manners.

This sentimental comedy reveals little reference to life, either in its plot or in its characters. In the theatre it is interesting only as a vehicle for the talents of a very charming actress.

"Years of Discretion"

Another conventional comedy which tells a more than twice told tale is *Years of Discretion,* by Mr. Frederic Hatton and Mrs. Fanny Locke Hatton; but the piece was produced by Mr. David Belasco, and therefore enjoys the great advantage of superlative acting and exemplary stage-direction.

Mrs. Farrell Howard is forty-eight years old. She has been a widow for many years, and has led a very quiet life in her charming little home in Brookline, Massachusetts; but she now resolves to break out and have one final fling before settling down forever. She makes up as a young woman, equips herself with several Paris gowns, and dashes down to New York to pay a visit to her friend, Mrs. Brinton. She flirts violently with all the bachelors on Mrs. Brinton's string; and before long three of them are desperately in love with her. After many amusing adventures, she herself succumbs to one of them—a fascinating man of fifty named Christopher Dallas—and agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she is deeply troubled by a fear that her husband will be disappointed when he discovers that she is not so young as she



"PEG O' MY HEART"—ACT I

"A poor, uncultivated Irish girl is left to be educated by a family of aristocratic English cousins."

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has pretended. It happens also that Dallas is troubled by a similar fear upon his own account; for in the eager period of their courtship he had not admitted the actuality of middle age. But these fears are ultimately dispelled by a mutual confession; and the belated lovers settle down together to enjoy the coming on of age.

"Racketty-Packetty House"

With funds that were generously furnished by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. George C. Tyler has built a little theatre especially for children on the roof of the Century Theatre Building. The initial entertainment at this Children's Theatre is a pleasant little play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett entitled *Racketty-Packetty House*.

There are two dolls' houses in Cynthia's nursery. One of them—which used to belong to her mother—is shabby and old-fashioned. Cynthia calls it "Racketty-Packetty House" and disdains to play any longer with the ragged dolls that inhabit it. The other—which is Cynthia's favourite—is a new and splendid edifice called "Tidyshire Castle"; and it is inhabited by a family of dolls who wear noble names and are magnificently dressed.

When Cynthia leaves the nursery, the

"BLACKBIRDS"—ACT I

"The heroine has been a professional smuggler for many years; and the hero, with whom she is deeply in love, is also a criminal adventurer, and, at the moment, is eluding the police."

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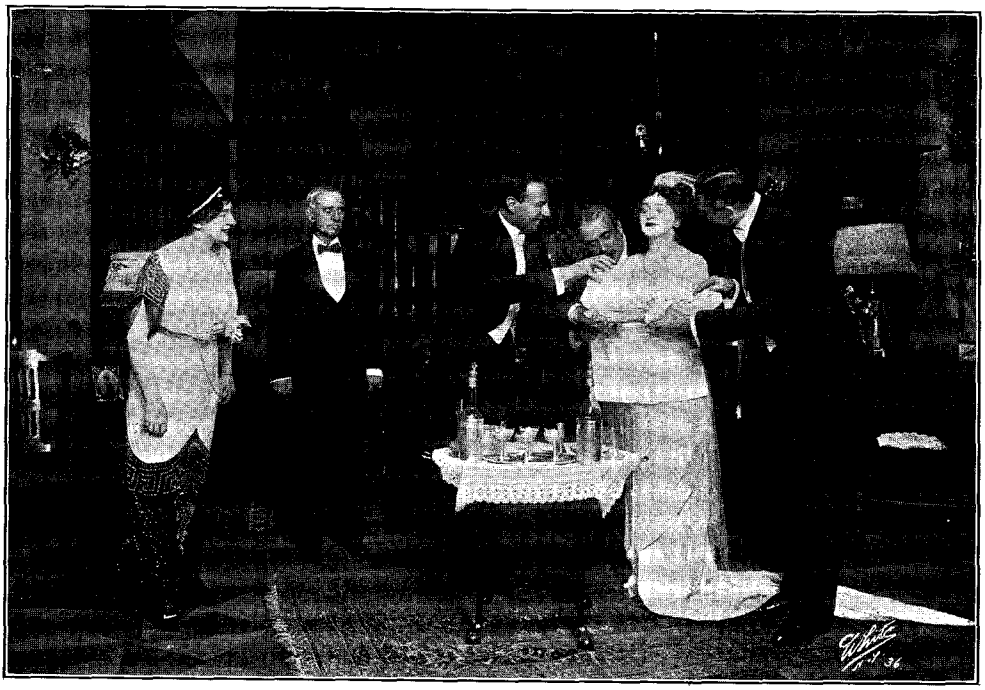

"YEARS OF DISCRETION"—ACT I

"She flirts violently with all the bachelors on Mrs. Brinton's string; and before long three of them are desperately in love with her."

"RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE"—ACT II

"When Cynthia leaves the nursery, the dolls of Racketty-Packetty House come to life."

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dolls of both these houses come to life. The rollicking Rackety-Packetties are treated very disdainfully by their snobbish and aristocratic neighbours of Tidyshire Castle; but love is stronger than social prejudice, and the charming Lady Patricia Vere de Vere scandalises all her relatives of Tidyshire by eloping with Peter Piper, the ragged leader of the Rackety-Packetties. They have a splendid wedding in a toy church; and by this agreeable eventuality, the airish Cynthia is taught to look with equal favour on both houses.

THE THREE FATES

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

Up in the cave of the wind,
  Bent and crabbed with their years,
In endless chatter they sit,
  Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

And they heard a mother's song
  Go by them on the breeze,
As she hushed her pretty babe
  To slumber on her knees.

"Oh, you shall be great and proud,
  You shall be strong and fleet,
And fame for your call will come
  And Captive love to your feet.

"And life for you shall be long,
  Full of your heart's desire"—
She sang as she rocked her babe
  Beside the golden fire.

Up in the cave of the wind,
  Bent and crabbed with their years,
In mocking laughter they sit,
  Old Distaff, Spindle and Shears.

The problem of the cost of living is not a matter of to-day or yesterday. Just about the time Shakespeare was born all England was in a turmoil over the same problem, for the prices of the necessities of life had been doubled, probably on account of the flooding of the country with gold brought back from Mexico. This condition was naturally serious to the poor scribe of Elizabethan London, who, receiving from four to six pounds for a play, was confronted by the exactions of the landlord of his humble lodging, the keeper of the tavern at which he dined—when he did dine—and the questions of expense for the occasional journey. To the March BOOKMAN *Algernon Tassin will contribute the first paper in the series, The Grub Street Problem, the Daily Life of a Man of Letters in Many Periods, which will deal with Shakespeare's England.*

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CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION

I. To a Best Seller in Need of Replenishment of Ideas

Cape Neddick, Maine,
September 22, 1912.

My Dear Barrowdale: I hope you have not failed to read in a recent issue of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Henry James's very brilliant exposition of the possibilities of Browning's *The Ring and the Book* in the field of novel-writing. It has been the habit of a "short-cut" reading public of late years to jeer at Henry James, and I must confess that in a small way I have aided and abetted the attempt to insinuate into that gentleman's mind a sense of the desirability of a greater clarity of expression, and a less mystical manner of meandering, as it were, in the byways and hedges of collateral, if not wholly concurrent, concepts in the explication of an already sufficiently complicated concatenation of subcutaneous realities which he has chosen to analyse for the benefit of those who find in his writings that precise, though somewhat delitescent, interest which proves them to be part and parcel of an as yet undismayed, though gradually evanishing, group of readers who love literature for its own sake. Nevertheless, we must all recognise the fact that his service to American literature is a great one, and admit that while his later efforts may fail of a strong popular appeal, for the lasting charm of his earlier work we owe him a debt in gratitude which we shall never be able to repay. And surely with that past achievement behind him to back him up as an authority, perhaps his greatest literary crown will be that which is worthily placed upon his brow by his fellow-craftsmen, whose discriminating judgments as to what literature really should be are more deserving of respect than are the verdicts of the man who no longer "runs and reads," but "speeds and skims." Just as the greatest lawyers are those whose victories won have made them Counsel to the Bar, so is it fair to say that, even though lacking in popular favour, he ranks among the greatest writers to whom his fellows bow down as before a recognised Master in the Arts of Poetry and of Prose. It is not to be denied that, judged by some such standard as this, Henry James fairly and squarely takes his place as one of our immortals, and for that reason what he says as to this possibility or that in literature ought to be regarded as *ex cathedra* by those who to-day regard letters as a serious pursuit; and who write books not that they may out of their profits leave behind them on the highways of life a scented trail of gasolene fresh from the tanks of their newly achieved motor-cars, but a fragrant memory in the hearts of readers who have been helped by what they have written.

So, when Mr. James comes to us with a statement of the possibilities of *The Ring and the Book* as a novel, it behooves men of your stamp to pay heed to what he says, and to gather from it such benefit, professional or personal, as may arise from a respectful consideration of his theory. It has seemed to me that one of the "by-products" of his suggestion is likely to appeal with especial force to yourself, who recently observed to me that you found "the literary pace killing," not because you found yourself unable to turn out the ten- or twelve-thousand words daily which your publisher demands of you in order to supply the requirements of your hard-won market, but that you were beginning to feel like a bottle, whose contents had been over liberally spilled; and you said you feared the day was coming when the bottle would be found standing on its head, the demands upon it still going on, and so drained of lees, dregs and other contents that not even the suggestion of a drop of anything could be discerned within. I remember that I advised you to quit writing for a year or two; to take up some really useful occupation for a little while, and give the bottle a chance to fill up again; to which you replied that you could not afford to stop; that unless you continued to produce the two books a year your public demanded people

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would think you had died and would turn to others—the sad truth of which under modern literary conditions I was forced reluctantly to recognise. But now comes one of the real Masters of Letters with a hint as to how you may refill bottles from possibly forgotten fountains. Surely, my dear Barrowdale, if one of assured position like Henry James dares make such a suggestion, a lesser light, like yourself, may dare act upon it. Wherefore, be you early in this new movement whereby ancient waters may be turned into new wines.

Let us suppose, for instance, that your familiarity with poetry—classic poetry—like that I fear of most people these days is confined solely to the immortal productions of Mother Goose. I have tried to recall the possibility of having talked with you on the subject of Poetry, and cannot for the life of me remember whether or not you have ever betrayed any familiarity with, or interest in it, so you will forgive my assumption that beyond Mother Goose, and Fluffy Ruffles, you have not gone very deeply into the lyrical and epic treasures of the past. The conclusion may not be as true of you as it is of the vast majority of writers in the new Go-As-You-Please School, but in any event it will do us no harm to go back to our earliest tastes in poetry, and, as Henry James has done with Browning, ourselves select Mother Goose as the fount from which our fast evaporating contents may be replenished.

What could be more simple then than that you should do for—well, suppose we choose at random from all those lovely lyrics of the nursery—let us say, *Jack and Jill*, what Mr. James would do for *The Ring and the Book*. You of course recall the lines—

> Jack and Jill
> Went up the hill
> To fetch a pail of water.
> Jack fell down
> And broke his crown,
> And Jill came tumbling after.

I have paused a moment to laugh, my dear Barrowdale, for I can see your ever expressive upper-lip curling scornfully over what you doubtless consider the absolute inanity of my notion that *Jack and Jill* could possibly be turned into a novel having the slightest human interest, but let us look the field over and see just how worthy of bedlam I am. Let us make what the Stage Carpenters of the Day call a Scenario.

Dividing the jingle up into certain natural divisions, so natural indeed that they instantly suggest themselves, we get the following:

I. Jack.
II. Jill.
III. They climb a hill.
IV. Their object turns out to be a pail of water.
V. Jack falls down.
VI. He breaks his crown.
VII. Jill comes tumbling after.

With this skeletonised nucleus for a story we may now set about the construction of a tale in which we show our hero, Jack, and our heroine, Jill, in the somewhat sordid surroundings of a newly rich parentage. Several chapters devoted to the early struggles of the Jack family and the Jill family in securing the wealth in which they are at present uncomfortably revelling will open up a rich lead into mines of political corruption and financial opportunism, both of which are very live topics at the present time. You would of course make Jill the high-minded, but socially ambitious, daughter of a socially impossible father—let us say an Easy Boss who has won his name and fortune in ways that are dark, and by tricks that are vain, for which the Heathen Chinee is no longer peculiar. On Jack's side let there be an equally impossible mother, impossible not because of any shortcomings in character, but for sheer every-day commonness, inability to learn, much less to speak correctly, the English language; having terrible taste in matters of dress and home decoration; but as kindly of soul as she is oleaginous and demonstrative in her expression of her rude sympathies. Here you would have the ground-work for the study of two types of American character which have always been interesting, and from a contemplation of whose manners, customs, points-of-view, and so on, you could derive much in the line of humour, pathos, satire, and here and

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there, perhaps, the deeper heart-interest of tragedy.

Then comes the beginning of the romance. Naturally Jack and Jill fall in love with each other, and we may let them wed early in the game for the purpose of bringing them into the real centre of interest when to gratify their ambitious desires they begin to "climb the hill," the Hill, of course, being Society. They are both painfully aware of the social limitations of their parents. The second generation always is so. Society cannot receive Jill's father, and will not receive Jack's mother, but for Jack and Jill themselves there is still some social hope. Jack has been to college, and Jill, after a considerable course in the non-essentials of life at an expensive girl's school, has acquired a certain amount of *savoir faire*. Between them they manage to make a social start and begin "to climb." Now like all climbers of this particular sort they choose the wrong set. They make the sad, but all too common, error of supposing that the so-called Smart Set is the *summum bonum* of Society, instead of being, as it really is, the *omnium gatherum*, not to say the *quid pro quo*, thereof. The slow process of getting there will give ample scope to your pen. The complications which beset them on the way up: the parental handicaps with their attendant mortifications at critical moments; the heart-breaking snubs they encounter at the hands, and through the lorgnettes, of the snobs; the selfish favours bestowed upon them because of their wealth by the needy but undesirable rich; indeed all the thousand and one trials confronting them at every step will provide you with chapter after chapter of absorbing interest, involving all your talents in the line of social analysis in a test which you will find pretty thorough. And then when triumph comes, and their money has at last succeeded in getting them into the haven of their desires, they find what? Merely "A Pail of Water!" What real savour has it all, now that it is attained? The heights won, what is there here of the wine of true happiness and lasting satisfaction? Nothing but just so much water as their pail will hold, tasteless, without flavour, its freshness and spring-like sweetness lost.

As a natural sequence Tragedy now enters. The pace is set and to remain where they are they must keep the pace, and in trying to keep it Jack "Falls Down." Ah, what a chance lies here for your pen, Barrowdale! The Fall of the man who has Climbed! All the arduous labour of that upward struggle gone for nothing, and in the twinkling of an eye! How? Well perhaps your difficulty will come here in choosing the precise instrument by which the Fall of Jack is brought about. Their name is legion. It may be that the new life involves him in financial ruin. To keep the pace he strains his purse, and endeavours to refill it by speculation, and a morning comes when he who has basked in the smile of the Smart Set finds himself clutched by the writhing tentacles of the octopus of ruin, a pauper, his energies sapped by the life he has been leading, and not a soul to help him out of the wreck of his fortunes. Or it may be that it is a case of The Other Woman—it is often so. In any event, a crisis comes in the affairs of Jack, and for one or another of a thousand reasons "Jack Falls Down and Breaks His Crown!" Society turns away from him, not perhaps because he is really at fault, but because he seems to have been so; not because he is intrinsically bad, but because he has been found out in some small peccadillo; not because Society dislikes him any more than it ever did, but because he has been "squeezed dry" either in possessions or in reputation.

Whereupon we come to the Eternal Feminine undiluted. "Jill Comes Tumbling After!" The grand climacteric is reached in your handling of The Woman. Nothing is more interesting to men and women to-day than Woman, especially the Woman Who Is Tumbling. This section of your story you will find to be susceptible to two methods of treatment, viz.: the inexorably tragic, the morbid and depressing; or the uplifting. It all depends upon how you decide to have Jill Come Tumbling After.

The public, I fear, would prefer the inexorable tumble in which Jill, by this time used to the luxuries of a pampered

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existence, her moral standards weakened by her association with the vain, the selfish, the frivolous, the easy-going, finds herself a prey to the vulture in Man, and rather than give up the so-called joys of the butterfly existence maintains her position outwardly by *sub rosa* affiliations of a questionable nature. The story thus ends in sordid disaster. The loss of Jack's physical crown may be brought about by a six-shooter, perhaps, or, if you desire to introduce a motor-interest, it may be stove in in an automobile accident; and Jill's tumble may become one of those things of which everybody is aware, but of which nobody speaks above a whisper; the whole story becoming a moral document in the sense that the tragedy of it serves as a warning to others similarly placed *not* to go and do likewise. This method, I say, I fear the modern reader would prefer, and the book would probably become a "seller" from which you might hope to acquire a motor-car quite as aromatic as the tale itself.

But for myself, my dear Barrowdale, I should prefer the other ending—the ending of uplift—even though it resulted in diminished sales. That other ending would be the touching story of Woman's Fidelity, and Man's Redemption. Jill in Tumbling After would merely be found insisting that whatever Jack's weakness might be she was still the partner of his woes, even as she had been the sharer of his joys, coupled with a determination to stick by him whether he had lost his crown or not, Tumbling After even to the bottom of the hill whence they had started long before. After all, despite the popular impression to the contrary, that is the way with most women, thank God, and such a sequel to the Man's Fall would be truer to the life that we live and see about us every day, and surely such a climax would leave a sweeter taste in the mouth than the inexorably tragic eventuation outlined above. You could draw an idyllic picture of that dawn of ruin in which Jack stands face to face with the consequences of his fall, and this woman standing eye to eye with him sees behind his tears, his remorse, nothing but the lineaments of the man she has loved, and that vision completely satisfies her soul. She now realises that all the allurements of the Smart Life are as nothing to the joys of a perfect comradeship, and that better far than the prizes of Bridge, superior by much to the laurels of social distinction, full of the ephemeral pleasures of an artificial happiness, are the bays placed upon the brow of one who by means of an unselfish, everlasting love, has brought peace to a troubled spirit, hope to a broken heart, and strength to rise again to one who has "fallen down and broke his crown."

Think this over, Barrowdale, and if you still feel yourself in the position of that empty bottle, see if replenishment may not be found in the Poets of other days, simple though they may be, even as the great mind of Henry James has found vast opportunity in a poem that owed its being to another brilliant spirit in the realms of romance. You may ask me why if I think so well of the scheme I do not do the thing myself, and my answer is that I would if I could, but I cannot. Off here on this magnificent coast of the Pine Tree State, with the great reaches of blue sky overhead, the granite rocks at my feet, and the everlasting seas spread like a great iridescent carpet between me and the infinite, I cannot bring myself either up or down, as the case may be, to meet the modern demand for the only kind of literature a madly speeding reading public will care for. I am neither strong enough nor mushy enough to do the thing acceptably. To be successful these days one must be either very very good, or very very bad; and I have a sufficient line upon my own talents, now that in peaceful surroundings I am able to see myself "in perspective," to know that I am neither the one nor the other. Wherefore do you take the story of "Jack and Jill" and do it. I shall consider myself amply repaid when the novel has gone into its four-hundred-and-sixty-fifth car-load to be able to tell people in confidence that it was I who gave you the idea.

Cordially yours,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

ANN. DOM. 330 : 1453 : 1912

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Constantinople! Wise indeed the man
Who chose the Golden Horn to sound his name:
Though muffled by muezzin and Koran,
His echoed prowess stirs the West to shame.

Six thousand hundred times this gyrant earth
Has swung your glories to an eager sun
Since he gave thanks to God for your fair birth,
He the first emperor to Christ's service won.

Six score have ruled you since he graced that seat
Which crowned the vastness of your Hippodrome—
Europe and Asia mingling at his feet—
Great symbol of terrestrial greatness . . . Rome!

Six score have ruled you since that golden day,
Armenian, Macedonian, Frank and Greek—
Lip-serving God mid glittering decay—
And last the Turk: God could not save the weak!

Who has not, Queen of Cities, paid you court,
Fawning to win you for imperial bride;
Fighting to hold you that he might consort
With envied power and beauty till he died.

Haroun-al-Raschid once beheld the site
Where Chrysostom the Saint made golden speech;
Peter the Hermit prayed with many a knight
On shores where Persian bones were left to bleach.

Peasants have grasped the purple to your gain,
Your law their will to distant Caspian Sea;
Nobles have shown your sceptre's magic vain
Without the force of true nobility.

Slowly the eagles that proclaimed your rule
From Carthage to the Euxine Chersonese
Homed to your gates, O soon-to-be Stamboul,
Screeching stale triumphs caged in terror's peace.

And thus though Saracens and Goths and Huns
Surged to your walls to foam in broken ire,
Mohammed scorned your carnage-dealing guns
And breached your citadels with living fire.

Fearless your conqueror, fear-proof his host—
Who die for Islam, earn delights divine—
Yet bravest twofold Rome's expiring boast
Who fell last Cæsar and last Constantine.

Ironic thrust of Time that pricks all power!
A Constantine could rear you strong to God:
A Constantine must fall that darkling hour
When crescent 'clipsed His Emblem . . . Ichabod!

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Yet mark the prophecy: "The Golden Gate
Shall stand to arch our Lord's returning cross!"
If true, thank God's unvenal headsman Fate:
God's chosen wheat shields Allah's tares from loss.

Yea Christian kings, when Christendom was young,
Gave ease and life to wrest their Saviour's Tomb
From that same Turk their seed with gold-warped tongue
Guard as their souls against his easy doom.

NEW LIGHTS ON GISSING

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

I

HEN George Gissing died and several articles by H. G. Wells, Harold Frederic and Thomas Seccombe appeared it was whispered about literary London that the real story had not been told; and with a writer so autobiographical as the creator of *The Unclassed* it was natural that curiosity about the more intimate details of his life should be fed. His closest friend from early schooldays was Morley Roberts, and to him many looked to write the biography. Exactly what motives prompted him to present it in its present disappointing form* is hard to realise, for, lacking the courage to tell it as a straight narration, he has put it in a fictional form with such a laboured attempt to disguise the subject that one almost suspects him of sensationalism. Certainly there is no mistaking the various novels, as they are mentioned, and the main facts of the life as we have grown to suspect it. Yet it is revealed without any veils, though its fictional form leaves a loophole for misstatements. His justification he derives from an alleged consent of Gissing who saw the full value of his very unusual life to any one seeking a subject. A question of ethics is involved which need not concern us; and since the book has been published and its nature recognised it is best to see what it reveals of a man whose life seems such a failure. And in glancing over some of the main outlines one may keep in hand the new critical study of Gissing written with discrimination and insight, which has just been imported.† It is significant that Frank Swinnerton has given few details of Gissing's life, anticipating by his own admission this intimate narration of Morley Roberts.

For the first time we know the reason of Gissing's sudden departure to America in the late seventies. He had become entangled in an affair with a prostitute and was caught stealing by the college authorities. After he was released from prison, friends gave him sufficient money to leave the country. His experiences in America are described in *New Grub Street*—that remarkable study of literary life where real genius is swamped and mere cleverness succeeds. What is most important is to discover how he first began to write fiction. The files of the *Chicago Tribune* hold his earliest stories which were written because he was starving and it was the only thing the paper would accept. When he returned to London after terrible hardships he continued his literary work and eked out a living by tutoring. Harold Frederic, however, has supplied us with the details of this, as he placed his two sons under Gissing's care. He had in the meantime married the prostitute, who became an habitual drunkard. It is rather ironical the contrast between his real life moving from house to house, as they were persistently turned out, with his other life in

*The Private Life of Henry Maitland by Morley Roberts. Hodder and Stoughton. 1913.

†George Gissing. A Critical Study by Frank Swinnerton. Mitchell Kennerley. 1913.

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literary London. Once he was even asked what his experience was in the management of butlers, and he replied that he strictly refrained from men servants. His wife died shortly afterward, much to his relief, yet it was not long before he married again into further unhappiness. It appears that being lonely, he went out into the street and asked the first girl he met to marry him. She was "respectable," yet she married him, and bore him two children. It was but a few weeks after the ceremony that her tyrannical habits began and only his deep sense of honour—with its strange manifestations—prevented him from leaving her. Exactly what her side of the question was we have no way of knowing. He stood it a number of years and finally broke away. Mr. Roberts has given many intimate details of this period, which will please the seeker in morbid matrimonial psychology unless he suspects it is dressed up to justify the desertion. And then the third woman came, and with her some happiness for the first time.

When the present writer was in Paris some years ago he heard of this "Mrs. Gissing." Few of her friends knew that she was not married and there lies a little comedy of conventions back of their "arrangement." Gissing told her quite frankly that he was married, and for a time made inquiries about an American divorce. But the lady in question could not stand the long separation, and taking the case to her mother the latter felt the circumstances were such that she was justified in protecting them. The few years which followed were spent on the Continent, where he died in 1903. Mr. Swinnerton makes no mention of this *liason,* but in connection with this lady the present writer came across a curious fact which may serve to show her influence upon his tired spirit. Readers of *The Crown of Life,* which Mr. Swinnerton calls "inflated and very nearly conventional," may recall that it contains a note of sentiment which differs from any of his other novels. It deals with love, not marriage, and shows with rare insight, in spite of its crudity of construction, the influence of an ideal upon a life. The explanation of this is found to lie in the fact that it was written during the time he was waiting to begin life with the French lady in question. A further reading of the books which followed in their short time together will show a change in mood which included the quiet grey peace of the *Ryecroft* papers.

At the time of Gissing's death a story was circulated to the effect that in his last moments he had embraced the Catholic faith. Whatever grounds there were for this false story sprang from two details, not without interest. It appears in the loneliness with which he was surrounded that his friend felt he would welcome the sight of an English face and, as the chaplain was an Englishman, she called him in. Further, at the time of his death he was working on his novel *Veranilda,* which dealt with the time of Pope Gregory. In his delirium he spoke of the *Te Deum,* and this, no doubt, gave some colour to the story which was published in London and not denied. Gissing had not the slightest intellectual sympathy with any creed, though at one time, as Mr. Swinnerton points out, he came under the influence of Compte and the Positivists.

II

Since we are mainly concerned in his casual comment with the personal side of Gissing, how far, in the light of these two volumes, do his books reveal the man and his experiences? He was at his best when dealing with his own personal moods and in picturing a temperament at war with its environment. And he seemed always to be out of place. If, as Mr. Swinnerton feels, his loves also are too mental in that, with several exceptions, there is no complete surrender, it is because in the two marriages he showed the same trait of not being blinded to the tragedy which lay waiting. While his personal experiences in America, as mentioned, are outlined in *New Grub Street,* in the latter part may be found a premonition of the way his own marriage would end. Mr. Swinnerton's keen analysis detects the unusual capacity which the author of *The Workers in the Dawn* had for depicting two natures at war with each other's point of view, and one suspects this was Gissing's sad lessons of experience. This novel also reflects the dia-

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lectic quality of his mind as well as narrating episodes of his life in Germany. The *Whirlpool* undoubtedly recorded his changed attitude toward children when he had achieved paternity, and there are many other paragraphs in this largely conceived but rather dull novel which reveal his personal characteristics—certainly his weakness in coping with obstacles. The episode in *The Unclassed,* too, in which the hero meets Ida Starr, was strangely anticipated in the motives which led to his second marriage. The theme of *Isabel Clarendon* suggests an experience of his own when a woman in high social standing sought him out in his retirement—if we are to rely on Morley Roberts's knowledge. That he had achieved some philosophy from his experiences with women is found in several passages of *The Odd Women,* that brilliant and little read novel, not without timeliness in our present feministic movement. His own lack of domestic felicity, due to the habits of his two wives, finds bitter expression in that chaotic story *In the Year of Jubilee,* and all his desires for domesticity gave colour to many passages in *The Emancipated.* But for a generally accepted photograph of his temperament and experiences one must turn to *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* which some rank as his best production, though, in spite of its greater simplicity of style, Mr. Swinnerton feels is below *Eve's Ransom* and *Thyrza.* One passage, alone, will reveal its intimacy:

> I had in me the making of a scholar. With leisure and tranquillity of mind, I should have amassed learning. Within the walls of a college I should have lived so happily, so harmlessly, my imagination ever busy with the world. . . . Through all my battlings and miseries I have always lived more in the past than in the present.

This paramount love of the past was his one great enthusiasm, and we find it scattered throughout all his novels. Indeed his pathetic struggle to finish *Veranilda* is not without its ironies, since all his life he had wished to write of the classical age, which was so removed from the spirit in which he was compelled to live. Casti, in *The Unclassed,* though drawn from a personal friend, no doubt voiced Gissing's early longing to write of Rome. *Sleeping Fires* contains some slight reference to his travels in Greece—but it was the spirit of Greece that he admired, as expressed in its literature. *Ryecroft,* as Mr. Swinnerton adds, summed up in one passage his feeling: "Our heritage of Greek literature and art is priceless; the example of Greek life possesses for us not the slightest value." The charm of Gissing is best found in his travel book, *The Ionian Sea,* which betrays a little suspected side in his habitual demeanour.

Perhaps we have grown to understand Gissing better: we shall never quite love him. There was so much smallness mixed with bigness which made him very human—but not of that humanity which we love to dwell upon in our musings of men who have moved us. His industry was unfailing and it deserves our approbation partly because of what it accomplished but mainly for what it aimed. That he was supremely ambitious there is no doubt; that he felt his own failure to measure up to his wish is equally evident. There was, on occasions, an assurance that he had contributed something to the English novel, and time alone will tell whether his analysis of certain abnormal temperaments truly reflected our feverish civilisation. To those who have read deeply into his novels there is a reward, for they have dignity and sincerity combined with scholarship. A critical study, such as Mr. Swinnerton has given us, will do much to place him where he belongs: that he was of sufficient importance to inspire so penetrating a book is not without its significance. Few artists are able to detach themselves from their productions, and art would lose greatly if Flaubert's wish was always gratified. Certainly some understanding of the temperamental limitations as expressed in his reactions from the facts of his life will do much to explain Gissing's work; for he saw life through his own misery and mal-adjustment with his environment. And here, indeed, his own life was not unlike many who must fail in the process of change which is taking place with such rapidity in all our social planes.

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EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ANDREW LANG AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

Andrew Lang was the most multifarious author of his era,—in fact, he was probably the most versatile writer in the long history of English literature on both sides of the Atlantic. He united two qualities never before conjoined: he was a genuine scholar, recognised as an equal by scholars everywhere, and he was also a working journalist of indefatigable industry and of unprecedented variety. As a serious scholar he won to the front in widely separated fields,—in Greek literature, in old French literature, in folklore and anthropology, and, of late, in history and in biography. With Butcher, Leaf and Myers he translated the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad,* and in so doing he set an unsurpassable standard for translation from a dead language. Without collaborators he rendered into nervous and pellucid English the *Homeric Hymns,* the idylls of Theocritus, the song-story (*chante-fable*) of *Aucassin and Nicolete* and a score or more of the lays of old France.

A long contemplated translation of Herodotus he seems never to have accomplished; and a biography of Molière, projected more than thirty years ago, was also abandoned after he had thoroughly investigated all the sources, the sole result of this research being the article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* revised for his admirable Clarendon Press edition of the *Precieuses Ridicules.* As a folk-lorist he was instrumental in discrediting, not to say demolishing, the sun-myth theory of Max Müller; and as an anthropologist he did more than any one else to elucidate the secret of the totem. As a historian he gave us what is certainly the most readable book on the intricate story of his native Scotland; and as a biographer he dealt with characters as dissimilar as Mary Stuart and John Knox, Lockhart and Stafford Northcote. He had a special fancy for attacking the obscure puzzles of history and he displayed a Scotch shrewdness in unravelling the tangled skein which led to the centre of the labyrinth.

As a journalist he was incessantly active in dailies and in weeklies, in monthlies and in quarterlies. When I first had the pleasure of meeting him, now thirty-two years ago, he was contributing five or six times a week an editorial article, as brilliant as it was brief, to the London *Daily News;* and only too few of these charming essaylets have been recaptured from the swift oblivion of the back number in the little volume entitled *Lost Leaders.* At the same time he was writing two or three articles every week for the *Saturday Review,*—minute investigations into the problems of folklore, reports of cricket matches, essays on literary and social themes and on topics of the times, and reviews of books in widely separated fields of literature. A little later he wrote for an American weekly, the *Independent,* his charming *Letters on Literature,* and for an English daily his ever delightful *Letters to Dead Authors*—which bids fair to survive as his indisputable masterpiece. A little later still he undertook the monthly department entitled "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine.* And all through these busy years he was pouring forth in magazines, British and American, a heterogeny of essays on all sorts of subjects, only a few of which have been replevined in *Books and Bookmen* and *Adventures Among Books,* in *Angling Sketches* and *Essays in Little.* The fascinating papers on *Shakespeare's Comedies,* which he composed to accompany Abbey's exquisite illustrations in *Harper's,* are still uncollected.

He wrote one long narrative poem, *Helen of Troy,* and he gathered his many scattered lyrics into half a dozen volumes, of which the best known is *Ballades in Blue China.* He not only wrote poetry and translated poetry, but he wrote about poetry; he was the foremost authority in England on the ballad,

*Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown. By Andrew Lang. With eight illustrations. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1912.

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following loyally in the footsteps of Child; and he contributed the required articles on this subject to Ward's *English Poets* and to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Moreover, he adventured himself in prose-fiction; he collaborated once with Sir Rider Haggard and once with Mr. A. E. W. Mason; and he wrote without any partner tales as dissimilar as the *Mark of Cain*, the *Monk of Fife* and the *Disentanglers*. Finally, he undertook a school history of *English Literature from Beowulf to Swinburne*, a sincere, frank, individual and unhackneyed book, illumined by flashes of insight and rich in appreciative criticism. It is to be noted that this history of English literature is unique among all the manuals of literary history prepared by British writers in that it does not neglect the American authors who have contributed to the literature of our common language. No British critic has been more cordial or more acute in his recognition of the special gifts of Poe and of Longfellow.

For versatility and for variety of accomplishment such as this a heavy price is always exacted. We are loath to believe that any man, however gifted he may be, can be an expert in widely separated fields. We are still more unwilling to accept the working newspaper man and the fecund magazine writer as also a man of letters. Andrew Lang's activity as a journalist in periodicals of every kind, ranging from *Punch* to the *Hibbert Journal*, from the *Illustrated London News* to *Mind*, could not but interfere with his reputation as a scholar. The bull's-eye of fame is more likely to be hit by a single rifle-shot than by successive discharges from a shotgun, no matter how accurate the aim or how abundant the ammunition. But those of us who knew him and who cherish his memory need not be discouraged. Time will do him justice, for posterity with its unerring judgment will select out of Lang's immense miscellany the half dozen volumes or the single book which cannot be permitted to perish. If an individual speculation may be hazarded, the suggestion must be made that the most likely to endure are the translations of Homer and Theocritus and of *Aucassin and Nicolete*, a handful of lyrics, and above all, the incomparable *Letters to Dead Authors*.

His characteristic qualities are exhibited in this posthumous book which deals with the Shakespeare-Bacon myth. Here we find his searching common sense, his customary shrewdness, his lively wit and his abundant humour, which was always good humour. He disavows any special acquaintance with Elizabethan literature, but he brings to the discussion of the authorship of the Shakespearian plays a wide acquaintance with literature ancient and modern, which allows him to adduce parallels and to provide satisfactory explanations for certain of the puzzles propounded by those who deny that Shakespeare was the author of Shakespeare's works. His special opponent is Mr. Greenwood, who maintains that the actor Shakespeare is not the author Shakespeare and that the actual author of the plays and poems is a Great Unknown,—possibly Bacon. This absurd belief Lang riddles with ridicule, showing it up in all its inadmissible assumptions and in all its illogical inconsistencies. The Baconians and the other anti-Shakespearians are so persistent, so vociferous, so intolerant,—and at bottom so ignorant,—that there is advantage in having their pretensions and their assertions examined from time to time by clear-eyed scholars possessed of that simple common sense which seems sometimes to be so uncommon. This needful task was performed a score of years ago by John Fiske, in a paper reprinted in his volume called *A Century of Science;* and it has been accomplished again in this more ample examination by Andrew Lang.

The result of Lang's analysis is that there is no reason to doubt Shakespeare's authorship of the plays attributed to him, however inexplicable may be the mystery of genius whereby a Warwickshire lad of doubtful schooling developed into the greatest dramatic poet the world has ever seen. At bottom the mystery here is but slightly greater than that which veils the development of the illiterate Illinois lad into the Abraham Lincoln who wrote the Gettysburg Address. But the Baconians and the anti-Shakespearians

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in general will not be converted by Lang's logic; they are immune to argument, since they have been bitten by the microbe of prejudice. That which gets into the head without the aid of argument cannot be got out by the aid of argument. Indeed, when prejudice has captured the mental citadel, argument spends itself in vain, even if it is as acute and as courteous and as convincing as is Lang's argument in the present volume.

Perhaps, therefore, there is no profit in my adding my missile to the weapons of assault that Lang has here collected and sharpened. But I have always found keen satisfaction in the fact that Shakespeare's authorship of the Shakespearian plays has never been questioned by any one really familiar with the theatre,—that is to say, by no actor, by no manager, by no dramatist, by no dramatic critic, by no historian of the drama. And the reason for this unanimity on their part is simple; they know, as experts in stage-technic, in dramatic construction, in the dramaturgic craft, that Shakespeare's plays must have been written in the theatre itself, so to speak. The author of Shakespeare's plays was no outsider, no mere man of letters not intimately associated with the stage, but a man of the theatre, availing himself of every device of the theatre of his time and familiar with every theatrical tradition of that epoch. In other words, the author of Shakespeare's plays was not only the greatest dramatic poet of the world, he was also the Sardou and the Belasco of the Elizabethan theatre.

Brander Matthews.

II

Andrew Lang's "History of English Literature"*

For some while past the student who desired a compendious and authoritative history of English literature had but one sure resort—he could turn with confidence and pleasure to that marvellously compact storehouse of facts and impressions in which Professor Saintsbury had garnered for him the results of a lifetime's reading and judgment. It is doing no injustice to other manuals to assert that the *Short History* held the field from the very day of its publication, if only because of the breadth of its survey, the thoroughness of its author's knowledge and the catholicity and soundness of his taste. That monument of learning which is gradually being built up by Cambridge scholars and their colleagues will accomplish in detail a task which one man's labours could only attempt in outline; but as a summary and a convenient work of reference, the little Saintsbury volume will still be consulted. On the smaller scale none of our critics has seriously challenged the professor's supremacy till the current year; now comes a rival history in miniature from Mr. Andrew Lang, and there must be general regret that its kindly and accomplished writer was not spared to see it in print. Perhaps to his death may be set down certain repetitions in the text, not to mention occasional misprints, which should not have missed the proof-reader's eye. That the name of Sir Walter Scott should turn up like a veritable King Charles's head periodically through the various chapters is a matter of idiosyncrasy, which should merely amuse; that Mr. Lang should reiterate his favourite quotations—thus Jonson's remark on Shakespeare, "sufflaminandus erat," mentioned five times at least—need not offend anybody save your pedant; but it certainly seems a pity that information already given in one place should be reproduced in another, for it argues a lack of skill in dovetailing the book's material. Indeed it is largely on account of Andrew Lang's lack of architectonic sense that I am sure his history, while it may serve as a "second string" to Mr. Saintsbury's book, can never hope to replace it, though it travels just a tiny distance further afield into modern times. Delightfully as he always gossiped on literary topics, full of scholarship and refreshing allusiveness as were his causeries, Mr. Lang never had the knack of making even his newspaper articles run with easy consecutiveness; his readers were expected to supply the connections of his rather rambling thoughts; form was

*History of English Literature: From "Beowulf" to Swinburne. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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never a strong point with him as a journalist. He was the last man therefore to be able to cover up signs of scaffolding and to effect smooth joints in a work such as a history of a nation's literature which makes severe demands on constructive ability. It is ominous that a list of authors, equipped with dates of their birth and death, precedes his text instead of being reserved for the end; his book is but too nearly a reasoned catalogue, or rather to be quite fair, it resolves itself much too often into a series of biographies and appreciations. Far too rare, save in the opening sections, is any study of tendencies, any bird's-eye view of the directions our literature was taking at particular periods. I search in vain for equivalents to Professor Saintsbury's inter-chapters, in which he analysed the progress of English prosody or the developments of style. Mr. Lang cannot be said to neglect these points, though he does not deal with them altogether adequately, but his treatment of them at best is in detail. And so from the time of Shakespeare onwards we seem jostling here with a procession of individual authors, and are scarcely ever permitted Pisgah glimpses; the sign-posts are few, and we are too infrequently carried to the hill-tops to see the lie of the land. Undoubtedly Mr. Lang's undertaking was one of difficulty, yet the arrangement he adopts cannot escape the reproach of clumsiness. Thus a consideration of Spenser's place in English poetry is tucked away in a chapter headed "Prose of the Renaissance"; Milton is grouped with Crashaw, Herbert, Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Cowley, Waller, Marvell and Butler, as one of a batch of "Caroline Poets," and his prosodic achievements are far too little insisted upon; Dryden, the reformer of our numbers, is dealt with under the heading of the "Restoration Theatre." I know how embarrassing is the business of mapping out so thick a jungle as is that of English letters, but I am sure it is best to let the big trees show clear above the bracken, and I am conservative enough to think this result might be more successfully effected by such chapter titles as the "Age of Spenser," the "Age of Milton," the "Age of Dryden." So, at least, the masters are not swamped in the crowd of smaller men, though it is true enough, as Mr. Lang maintains in his preface, that each of the former springs from an underwood of the thought and effort of authors less conspicuous.

It is a thankless job to traverse the ground of the Anglo-Saxon beginnings of our literature, but Andrew Lang pushes his way bravely over this stony soil; though he must have heaved a sigh, as his readers will, on coming in sight of the "matter of Arthur" and the morning-star of song, Chaucer. On the rhyme romances and on Chaucer and Piers Plowman he writes with obvious signs of relief and pleasure, and one can easily understand what a labour of love were his chapters on early Scottish literature and ballads and popular poetry. Here he is at home and at his ease, but he devotes far too small a space to the rise of the drama, and his accounts of the miracle-play, the morality and the interlude would have been all the better for amplification. His study of Spenser concludes with a pretty Homeric metaphor:

> "As Hephæstus," says the prose translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, "when he fashioned the arms of Achilles, melted bronze and gold and silver in his furnace, so Spenser combined the wealth of Greece, Italy, France, Rome and England in the great crucible of his genius."

That would be very well did not Mr. Lang proceed to amplify his metaphor and talk of the Corinthian bronze formed at the burning of Corinth from the molten gold and silver and copper of the temple vessels and images, thereby applying in another connection an historical reference he has already used *à propos* of the Arthurian romances. I may add that Homer is only less frequently alluded to in his pages than Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lang makes short work of Mr. Frank Harris's theories of *Shakespeare the Man*. He brushes aside "nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual, sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire," and has no patience with the idea that the poet must have been irresolute because in the cases of Hamlet, Brutus and Macbeth he gave us heroes irresolute in a crisis. But his æsthetic criticism of

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Shakespeare might have been more thorough, and in reaction from Mr. Swinburne's ultra-enthusiasm he does rather less than justice to the merits of the Stratford man's play-writing contemporaries. To follow him through the labyrinth of Caroline and Georgian literature would mean only saying ditto, for the most part, to his verdicts and admiring his scholarship. I would only point to his little essays on Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, and Milton, as illustrating capitally any strictures of mine on his curiously disconnected style. There is too much narrative in his history, too much quotation without quotation marks, too much paraphrase insufficiently disassociated from the critic's own comments, which are generally as pointed as they are quaint. Incidentally I may remark that Pepys is dismissed very cavalierly, that Mr. Lang, himself an authority on Homeric translation, pays a fine compliment to Pope's version of the *Iliad,* that he thinks poorly of Swift's *Tale of a Tub,* and of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild.* With a tartness that occasionally adds piquancy to his pronouncements he declares, "If irony is to be openly and noisily unveiled on every page, then *Jonathan Wild* may be a masterpiece of irony." On the leaders of the "romantic movement" his decisions are uniformly just; he only shows any prejudice when he approaches quite modern days. Thus he talks of a lack of "natural magic" in Browning's poetry, and repeats the old charge of obscurity. He is ferocious on Meredith's verse, especially *Modern Love,* and tells us his manner is "not of the centre," he is frigid in any praise of Rossetti, his admiration of William Morris does not go much beyond the *Defence of Guenevere* volume, he is almost contemptuous of Disraeli's stories, he treats rather inadequately the Brontë sisters—especially Emily Brontë, and he writes in a bored way about the Meredith novels; nor is he very happy on Newman. On the other hand, he remains faithful to Robert Louis Stevenson, and he protests very rightly against the stupid modern practice of under-rating George Eliot; "there has been no better novelist," he asserts roundly, "than she, since the death of Dickens."

If I may seem to have spoken in not too friendly a way of Mr. Lang's *History of English Literature,* I hope it will not be supposed that I am not conscious of the toil and thought that have gone to the making of this volume, nor that I fail to appreciate the wide reading or the taste which are the indispensable preliminaries of any such enterprise. Equally willing am I to recognise that in carrying his work through Andrew Lang has given of himself at every pore. The book is thoroughly individual and characteristic of him, and not merely in its constant allusions to Scott, Homer, Thackeray, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Wogan, and psychical research. My criticisms, such as they are, are but directed to the architectural weaknesses of his scheme, the happy-go-lucky character of his style, and a petulance never revealed save in his treatment of modern topics; in fact if his history is disappointing, it is only so by comparison.

F. G. Bettany.

III

The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

Sir William Robertson Nicoll has broken out in a new place in the volume that he has just published on *The Problem of Edwin Drood.* The first sentiment of many, perhaps the majority, of those who scan the title will be surely this subject might be allowed to take a long-earned rest. Its place is in the mausoleum of literary curiosities along with speculations as to the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike,* or the identity of Junius. A large number of keen, detective minds have exercised themselves upon the problem as upon a sharpening strop. Most of them have written books or pamphlets on the subject, and their lucubrations would fill a fair-sized dwarf bookcase. A few fanatical Dickensians may welcome any pretext for poring over the moiety of *Edwin Drood* once more. But the reader who does not take an active part in the Dickensian fellowship

*The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Dickens. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Doran and Company.

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may well regard with some coldness the appeal of a book which makes the reperusal of a fairly long and difficult, though unfinished, work a prior condition of complete understanding. If the general reader is dissuaded by these *prima facie* considerations from the discussion of Sir William Nicoll's latest work, let us say at once that he will incur the risk of missing not only one of its author's most interesting productions, but also one of the most considerable critical performances of recent years. The book's great achievement, indeed, is that it does not depend for its interest by any means exclusively upon the discovery of *x* in the matter of the specific solution of the Edwin Drood mystery. The present deponent, at any rate, found an interest of no secondary kind in its pages as an investigation of the testimony as to all the circumstances attending the production of Dickens's latest work. It abounds in documentary evidence, it reveals with singular suggestiveness the evolution of Dickens's latest manner, it brings us nearer "Dickens—the last phase" than any book we can remember to have read. With Mr. Lehmann's admirable book on *Dickens as an Editor* it goes far to vindicate the reality of national gratitude to the great novelist, now in his hundredth year. Battered by life, and worn by the many leagues of print which he had traversed, Dickens had indeed journeyed far from "pou sto" of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*. One may not be able to agree with the writer that *Edwin Drood* is one of the best of his works. An analogy is employed between some elements in *Drood* and in *Hunted Down*. The parallel is rather damning to the unfinished work of 1870! A more melodramatic, theatrical and unsatisfactory short story than *Hunted Down* would be hard to discover among the works of the reprinted. The bloom and the flush of Dickens's wonderful morning had evaporated long before the day of *Edwin Drood*. His style had lost every scrap of that wonderful simplicity and eighteenth century rotundity so remarkable in his first great successes. The marvel is that it should have acquired so many new qualities of distinction. The opening passage in the second chapter of *Edwin Drood*, for instance, is a far more elaborate piece of prose than Dickens could have possibly imagined in his impressionable youth. Yet how bright that wonderful eye still is, how little undimmed that marvellous vision, and that amazingly vivid power of portrayal. For sheer writing power, in mere force of description, how many authors are there of any age who can stand up against it?

If a descriptive critic of to-day wants a new subject, a *terra incognita*, let him write about the early and undiscovered plots of Dickens. Nobody marks them at the time of reading. *A propos* of his inquiries here our author makes a few remarkable discoveries about them. The plots of most of the novels indeed, from *Barnaby Rudge* to *Our Mutual Friend*, are fearful and wonderful things. A monograph might be written (we cannot asseverate that it would be read) about each one of them. But the plot of *Edwin Drood* stands apart, it seems, from most, if not all of them. It is a thoroughly lurid and melodramatic plot; but it does possess a certain interest of its own, and it does reflect a considerable amount of interest upon the characters. For Dickens this is a novelty with a vengeance! In most of his books the plot appears like some malignant parasite draining the life blood of the parent stem of character. In *Drood* the plot has an independent life of its own. Faith in Wilkie Collins, which had germinated a dozen years ago, had now borne ripe fruit.

Without professing in the least to be an expert on this thorny question, I must say that Sir William's solution seems to me eminently sane and satisfying. In the first place, it is extremely tentative and unaggressive. In the second, it is based broadly and unmistakably upon the irrefragable testimony of Forster. Forster, with all his faults, remained to the very end Dickens's chosen biographer and confidant. The suggestion that the great man deliberately misled Forster as to the general tendency of the tale is inadmissible. Forster's hints, therefore, must form the nucleus of any really judicial summing-up of the matter. The first object of the Bench is to cut away

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the tangled and luxuriant overgrowth of baseless theory. When this is done and a few careful qualifications cautiously made, it seems to me that we have a solution approximate enough for the purposes of any reasonable curiosity. The testimony of the illustrator, Sir Luke Fildes, so far as it goes, is absolutely corroborative of the biographer. Everything points to the conclusion that the villain, Jasper, tried to murder his nephew, Edwin, by strangling him with a black scarf. That Dickens intended that the wicked uncle should have succeeded in his intention seems to me equally certain. Jasper had premeditated and rehearsed the murder in the opium den. The motive was the fierce and wolfish passion for Edwin's betrothed. This passion, revealed finely in one of the original illustrations, was cloaked by a most revolting duplicity. Jasper, says our author, was "an unredeemed villain; he was anything but a fool. He drugged Drood; he strangled him; he put his body in quicklime; he had time to rob the victim of his jewellery [but for one unknown, recently acquired ring which was ultimately to prove the pièce de conviction]; he maintained a threatening and defiant attitude. He had done his business." We are to imagine him working with a Hyde-like malevolence, suggested by his ebullitions against the urchin Deputy, in a night of the wildest tempest. He is a new type of villain rather for Dickens, and a far more successful one than the typically Dickensian, wholly incredible, Carker. His passion, too, is a new element, revealing a considerable change as it seems to us in Dickens's moral perspective. The gradual determination to criminal motives, which set in only after the first efflorescence of his genius, seems to arrive at its climax in the lurid plot of *Edwin Drood*. The theory that Edwin, after all, was not dead and was to appear in the eleventh or twelfth part *redivivus*, seems to me untenable. There is no iota of evidence to support it, and the only two pleas in its favour are first, that it was rather contrary to Dickens's method to destroy a "title"; secondly, the suggestion conveyed by the design at the foot of the original green wrapper. Our author is not at his happiest, I think, in his description and elucidation of these designs. But he makes the essential point, namely, that they are not to be taken too closely or literally. They are rude hieroglyphics, and like Zadkiel's, are to be interpreted with the eye of faith. After taking immense pains to construct and conceal an elaborate mystery, it was hardly likely that Dickens was going to give it away on the cover. As to the mode of death, there seems to me no evading the express statement made by Dickens to his illustrator that he must have a long black scarf for Edwin to be strangled with. As regards Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den—"Look down, look down"—too much importance need not be attached to them. Miss Stoddart's suggestion on this point seems quite adequate. The idea of flinging Edwin from the tower may have occurred to Jasper and been abandoned. Highly probable, too, is her speculation that the Sapsea monument was to be the destination of the murdered man's remains. Jasper may have conveyed some quicklime into that spacious receptacle before depositing the body there. There was ample opportunity for such operations in the midnight solitude of the precincts. These outlines seem fairly meritable, but the precise manner in which the discovery was to be worked out must remain Dickens's secret. The ring, the opium woman, Princess Puffer, Durdles, Datchery and the Deputy, and finally the suspicions of Mr. Grewgious were evidently to be the main instruments of conviction. Grewgious, whose first appearance is so impossibly grotesque, but who improves so steadily upon acquaintance, was in my opinion, to play a most conspicuous part. Tartar, of course, marries Rosa, and Crisparkle, Helena. Neville, it seems, was to be spirited away, probably killed in the act of bringing the "wicked man" to justice. All this part of his thesis Sir William appears to prove to our complete satisfaction. Far more than any of his predecessors he has gone into the question of manuscripts, interlineations and erasures. As he recapitulates these we cannot help repeating: What *is* he going to make of all this? Nothing, however, could be more satis-

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factory than the way in which every ounce of this evidence is made to fit into its place, and to tell upon the volume and weight of the converging mass of proof. This part of the book is an admirable illustration of the judicial method.

When it comes to the question of "Who is Datchery?" the case is altered. Dickens left no clues here of an external kind. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the commentators and much, if not most, of this ingenuity seems to us hopelessly misplaced. Nor can we wholly exempt Sir William from this indictment. His theory that Datchery is Helena is certainly one of the best and the best sustained. It is far more plausible, for instance, than the incredible proposition that Datchery is Drood himself. Both suppositions seem to me to impugn the sanity of Dickens as an artist. Our interpreter uses the erasures and interlineations here with an almost uncanny cleverness. Yet, after all his exertions, the case seems to us less than "not proven." That an artist of Dickens's calibre should be reduced to such a pitiable artifice as a male-impersonator is, to us, a thing too painful to contemplate. The explanation of Datchery saying (to himself be it remembered): "I like the old tavern way of keeping scores" is a marvel of literary gymnastic, but, after all, "it will not do." I am inclined to think that Datchery was a new character and an emissary of Grewgious, probably some sort of relation, and no more. He is a melodramatic figure at best. That is enough, without representing him as a young and beautiful woman masquerading as an amateur detective, and consuming brown sherry and mutton chops! Our author himself, I'm inclined to think, has a slight revulsion of feeling from the strain of such a conjecture. At any rate, he refers to it not at all in his concluding chapter, which is a most admirable drawing together of the various lines of evidence, conjecture and parallel, in what will prove, we are convinced, to the multitude of readers one of the most repaying books on the subject of Charles Dickens that the century of his fame has yet produced.

Thomas Seccombe.

IV

William Toynbee's "The Diaries of William Charles Macready"*

These two large volumes afford enjoyment of a rare kind. They make you thoroughly acquainted with a man's soul, his art, and the world he lived in. With a tone of absolute sincerity, the diarist speaks the truth of himself and his times as he sees it; and the consequence is a perfect illusion of reality. By no means did the stage limit Macready's horizon—indeed he found little there to feed his inquiring and impatient mind. Scornful of sycophancy, he reacted violently upon the politics and religion of his day. The record he leaves of himself here is intimate, but its intimacy is, fortunately for the reader, rarely purchased by the usual trivial commonplace. It is a full record of a passionate and embittered spirit striving systematically to take the kingdom of heaven within him by violence, and ever urging himself to lofty endeavours. It is pleasant to remember that after his retirement from public life, the bitterly-regretted ungovernableness of his temper wore away—eased doubtless by the cessation of his conflict for the impossible—and his true nobility was able to assert itself more continuously.

The editor has done his work unobtrusively and well (even if he does remark, in a footnote, that Webster was *the United States President!*). Macready, he says in his introduction, was never a favourite with actors, for in addition to a violent temper (for which he expressed all his days a poignant contrition) he never tried to conceal his hearty contempt for his calling. With little sense of humour to lighten matters, he was coldly ceremonious to them when in good temper and fiercely abusive when in bad; and always on the watch for slights. His disposition to manufacture grievances caused temporary estrangements everywhere, Dickens being about the only member of his circle who escaped. The period at which the diaries open is socially and politically one of the most interesting. Disraeli was desper-

*The Diaries of William Charles Macready. Edited by William Toynbee. In two volumes. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

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ately coquetting with democracy; Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Browning had barely come of age; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey were almost resting on their laurels.

The intolerance of an honourable nature and of a religious cast of mind find constant outlet in a sonorous and high-flown strain, not uninfluenced by a lifetime of stage declamation but perfectly sincere. Macready, it would seem, wore his tragic stilts always. "It is very hard," he says "(query, is it possible?) for a person on the stage to preserve a well-regulated mind. *Virtue is impossible in a theatre.* Nowhere is there so much to be said in palliation of frailty as on the stage; and therefore it should be shunned, for *purity cannot live there.* What mind of common decency but must feel pain at listening to asseverations of purity and sentiments of delicacy from a wanton's lips!" In his diary he constantly put on sackcloth and ashes. The stumbling block of my life, says he with a heartfelt cry, has been passion, and its consequent evil, precipitation. My mind is chiefly employed in self-discipline and weak endeavours to make itself better. I have not the necessary power to express those thoughts which pass through my mind; what understanding I have is scarcely communicable.

Of his art as well as of his nature, he was an exacting and on the whole a just critic. And it is only necessary to read one after the other his comments on his performances to know that he had a critical faculty rare for any time, but especially so in a day when a tempestuous declamation was deemed all-sufficient. In almost every entry he complains bitterly of the wretchedness of his support. Nor can one put this down to a captious spirit of superiority, for his chief complaint is of slovenliness. ("Palmy days of the drama," how as time goes on do we behold thee for the bluff thou wert!) Even worse, he thinks, were his American companies. His American entries are very circumstantial, especially those concerning the New York riots incited by Forrest's friends; and are as interesting as they are humiliating.

As is usual with diaries which record literary impressions, there are many glimpses of Time's little ironies. "Finished Miss Austen's *Emma* with a high opinion of her powers. But Mrs. Brunton's books have a far higher aim. The necessity and comfort of piety is continually inculcated in her works—which never appears in Miss Austen's." "Read in Wordsworth's volume, wherein I can find nothing to reward my time and attention. I wonder at the depth of thought and feeling which mark all of Mrs. Hemans's writings; with deep interest I read all this extraordinary woman's poems." His opinion of Fanny Kemble is more in accord with that of posterity. "Her Journal is a confirmation of my original opinion of her presumption, conceit, vulgarity of mind, and quackery. Besotted with the flattery of the ignorant, what has she to support the reputation she arrogates as belonging to her! Yet you see evidences of thought and a superior intellect." And some of his opinions which were in the face of general critical estimation of the time we have come round to. "Leigh Hunt's play is hopeless; he cannot write a dramatic word." "Went to Carlyle's lecture, which I cannot recollect though I listened with the utmost attention and was greatly pleased."

The diaries shed much light on the famous Macready-Browning controversy, and it is difficult to imagine Macready anything but fair to the poet throughout their intimacy—abruptly terminated for a long period by Browning. Macready met him with eagerness. He looks and speaks more like a poet than any man I ever saw, he wrote; his enthusiastic manner engaged attention and won opinions from all present. When Browning said he thought of writing Macready a play, he wrote that it would indeed be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts endured in his profession, could he but awaken a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. Browning was much pleased with his opinion of *Strafford* when the manuscript was finally delivered, agreed in his objections, and promised to do everything needful for the play's amendment. Later Macready

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found that he had been too much carried away by the truth of character to observe the meanness of plot and occasional obscurity. Later still comes this entry: "Read three acts of *Strafford.* Clever but——." Again, "After reading the trash of two plays submitted to me, read *Strafford,* which restores one to the world of sense and feeling once again. I fear it is too historical. But how admirably is the policy of the man and its consequence on him portrayed! I must confess my disappointment in the management of the story and I doubt its interest." Again, "Read over the play with the alterations, noting my objections. The suggestion of the children's voices being heard in the pause following the announcement of Strafford's death, Browning was quite *enraptured* with. He took the book and promised to work hard." Another day Macready went over the play with Forster, altered, omitted and made up one new scene. After the play was accepted by the management, he read it aloud in the green-room, but it did not produce the impression he had hoped—the actors were oppressed by its want of action and lightness. Later he records that he was anxious to find some of the actors restive about their parts, in order to furnish Browning with a decent excuse for withdrawing the play, but was disappointed by their general acquiescence. Browning first insisted upon going on with the play, then equally upon withdrawing it. The next day another entry—Miss Faucit thinks her part very bad, and wants me to ask her to do it. But I would not, for I wish she would refuse it; that even at this late point of time the play might be withdrawn. *It will do no one good.* I should be glad of any fair occasion to withdraw it, yet *coûte que coûte* Browning shall not have the power of saying that I acted otherwise than as a true friend to his feelings." There can be no doubt that Macready ate and slept with the play for weeks and fought for it in the face of apathy. When it was produced he wrote, "I am gratified to find the papers lenient and even kind to Browning. After all that has been done for him with the painful apprehension of failure before us, it is very unreasonable and indeed ungrateful for him to write as he does."

The *Blot on the Scutcheon* seems at first to have made little impression on him, since he merely records having received it. After reading it, he handed it to the prompter to read. That worthy on returning it said the actors laughed at it. Browning came to the theatre in a state of great excitement, his dignity mortally wounded. Macready suggested alterations in the second act, said that he could not take the leading part and do his other work too, and gave the rôle to Phelps. Within a week the play was in rehearsal. Two days afterward he records that Phelps was too ill to play that night and that he would understudy the Browning part. The next day at rehearsal he said he would act it if Phelps continued ill. Three days later Phelps said he would do the part if he died for it. Macready wrote that when he offered to give Phelps and Browning the benefit of his study, Browning in the worst taste, manner and spirit declined any alterations, expressing himself perfectly satisfied with the way Phelps played *Tresham.* The next day Macready directed the rehearsal and felt that he made many valuable improvements. He says that Browning seemed desirous of explaining his temper of yesterday and laid much blame on Forster for irritating him. The play was badly acted, records Macready. It certainly had a short life.

Algernon Tassin.

V

Constance Hill's "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte"*

This book presents extracts from the diaries of Fanny Burney during her Court life. It devotes itself to the Royal Pair with singular exclusiveness, and from it one might imagine Windsor to be as parochial and unpeopled as Brunswick. The King and Queen disclose upon the closer view nothing but the amiable heaviness inseparable from their names; and throughout her duties Fanny displays herself as shrinking and as exemplary as an Edgeworth heroine.

*Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. By Constance Hill. New York and London: John Lane Company.

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If the "little dark thing" had charm and gaiety, one must not go to her short and simple annals of the Court for proof of it. Possibly these graceful little tendrils did not dare to frisk in such proximity to that imposing vegetable, the Queen.

The first time Fanny ever met the King he frightened her out of her wits by plumping at her "How came you? How happened it? Your publishing, your printing? What? What?" The Queen had fallen in love with her at sight; and shortly afterwards, waiving the ordinary etiquette of precedence, offered her the position of Second Keeper of the Robes. Fanny accepted it (as well she might) with internal reluctance and fear. It proved by no means a purple existence—except, indeed, for cold. "Don't go to early prayers in the winter," an equerry privately advised her. "Not a soul goes but the King, the parson, and myself, and we three freeze it out together." But early prayers must have been better than unending placidity. "The only trial of their peaceful and united life was the conduct of the Prince of Wales," writes Fanny. One sympathises with the poor French authoress whose highest dissipation on visiting the Court was to be shown Miss Burney and Dr. Herschel. Let us hope that a few things went on which the gentle modesty of Fanny's demeanour allowed to escape her eyes. One night in the Royal box she was almost overcome with embarrassment and hid her face with her fan the rest of the evening, only at hearing wholly unprepared her name mentioned in the epilogue of the piece. "I try, as bound in common sense, to cast aside my unfortunate shyness," she writes, "but I cannot draw out anybody that is not forward to come forth." This probably is the more human way of looking at it, for certainly nothing could be as dull as the Court of Charlotte seems.

But Miss Burney's account of the trial of Warren Hastings—though still to the last degree maidenly—is very interesting. She shuddered and involuntarily drew back when Mr. Burke made his solemn entry, his brow knit with corroding care and deep labouring thought. "How did I grieve to behold him the cruel Prosecutor of an injured and innocent man!" She feared lest Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan might recognise her, for she would not have offended either by declining their notice, yet she could not endure to have Mr. Hastings perceive her associate with them. "All that I had heard of the eloquence of Mr. Burke and all I had conceived of his great abilities was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, striking, was almost all that he uttered. His language had a charm for my ear and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible." Yet as he proceeded with his comment and declamation in all the violence of personal detestation, there appeared to her more of study than of truth in his speech, more of invective than justice. She began to lift up her head, and before she became aware of the declension of his powers over her feelings, she found herself merely a spectator in a public place, looking all around with an opera-glass. The five-hour oration of Fox was monotonously violent, and she felt less disposed to pardon it than any extravagance of Mr. Burke's, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected. The instant he finished he wore the same careless and disengaged air he had before he began.

Nowhere is Fanny more correct than in her attitude toward the publication of Johnson's letters. An early copy of Mrs. Piozzi's correspondence had reached the Court, and Fanny was so definite in her disapprobation that it led to a breach in her friendship with the former Mrs. Thrale. "These letters," she wrote, "have not been more improperly published in the whole than they are injudiciously displayed in their several parts." What shocked her was that her revered and beloved friend should be exposed, as it were, in his dressing-gown. Her friend Hannah More not only hit the truth of the matter but said something that modern editors of letters much need to bear in mind. "Every dose of physic he took is recorded," she wrote. Boswell himself seemed sensible of the fact that some of the letters needed justification for their lack of variety if not for their triviality. "I want your Johnson letters for my book," he cried, cornering her in the Park. "Grave Sam

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and great Sam and solemn Sam and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam, by the aid of his beautiful billets to yourself." But Fanny felt that she could not consent to print private letters, masterpieces of eloquence and kindness as they were.

While owning a high and constant veneration for her Royal Mistress, who showed to her a peculiar kindness, still Miss Burney found the life wearing and distasteful. So did all her friends. Horace Walpole was beseeching her to return to the world, and the Literary Club was for writing a round-robin to Dr. Burney to recall his daughter. Horace said she was shut up like a nun in a royal monastery, and Boswell told her she was not born to be immured like a tabby cat in an august cell. When Fanny finally plucked up courage to resign, the Queen was so unwilling to have the girl depart that the poor Second Keeper of the Robes often doubted if she had preserved any portion of her good opinion since the abortive attempt at resignation. Not until her health had seriously given away would the Queen deign to listen. So Fanny went back to her world of white stockings and blue, and one closes the book with a renewed sense of the monumental dulness of Queen Charlotte's Court. Perhaps the most important impression which she confides to her diary during her entire stay there is of Mrs. Siddons in *Rosalind*. "Her gaiety is more like disguised gravity; and my admiration for her tragic powers is so great that I feel in a degree mortified to see her so much fainter success in comedy."

Graham Berry.

VI

Amundsen's "The South Pole"*

"It was the man that mattered," says Nansen in his introduction, "and Amundsen's luck was that of the strong man who looks ahead—for he made his victory armed only with the ordinary tools of Norwegian peasant and sailor." So the reader feels as he follows this unsophisticated account without pose or heightening of effect; yet an account well worthy of its unique subject. There have been occasions when he was unwilling to have it so, but this book displays throughout a generous and attractive nature.

Warmly human is this "strong man who looks ahead," even to pleasantly commonplace reflections fondly designed to keep the W. C. T. U. from flying at his throat. "Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges," says Stevenson in a lovely passage in that cluster of lovely things, *A Christmas Sermon*—"have done sternly and yet preserved the character of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and give pleasure." Here the boyish gentleness and cheerfulness of a strong man strike the reader forcibly. An artless gayety rollicks through this entire narrative—the gayety, robust and unsubtle, of the healthy, active person who holds simple laughter an essential part of both success and failure. You are not surprised to find that this sort of man refuses to withdraw from his companions on the last lap to snatch the coveted honour alone. There are phrases of unhackneyed poetry also, momentary glimpses of a soul that sees and seeks to communicate unparalleled beauty and majesty—but these, too, are as simply given as the rest. These two volumes, translated easily and idiomatically, tell of an adventure that must always stand alone in the annals of discovery, and tell it so well that one would scarcely suggest a change.

Amundsen had equipped his expedition for the Arctic, but the news that the North Pole had been reached, received after he had started, made him at once face South. On the way, so well did he plan his expedition that in no important detail did he alter it. He fixed upon the Bay of Whales as winter station, because he could take his ship farther South there than at any other point. His plan was to build a hut there, carry his supplies as far into the field as possible, and the next year use his southernmost depot as the actual starting-place of a sledge-journey due South.

*The South Pole. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian. By A. G. Chater. In two volumes. New York: Lee Keedick.

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The saloons on his ship, the *Fram,* were very handsomely fitted. "Is this really a Polar ship?" people asked. There were three thousand volumes in the library, a piano, a gramophone, and many games. Besides, all the world had sent contributions: firms had contributed elegant stationery, wines, cigars, bonbons, fruit syrups. For sterner equipment, there were a portable hut built for the purpose, containing two rooms and a loft; fifteen tents for temporary housing; ten sledges and twenty pairs of ski. Also, there were many cases of pemmican and chocolate, for a grocer's shop cannot be taken along when sledging and food must be reduced to lightest and simplest terms. Lastly, there were a hundred Greenland dogs (who considerably increased their number on the five months' voyage). All but two survived the trip, for the watchword on board was "dogs first and all the time."

The Bay of Whales is the only opening in the Barrier, a wall of ice one hundred feet high. Into this they sailed, and moored at the fixed ice-foot within. Their first exploration was to find where the sea-ice met the Barrier. Here they found a place for their hut within sight of the ship and—at that season—amid plentiful flocks of seal and penguin. Then they divided into two parties, the land and the sea party. The latter after unloading all provisions was to sail away to winter at Buenos Aires and return the following year.

In ten days the land-party had erected their portable hut and transferred and stored all the provisions. When they entered the door of their future home, they received a cosy and cleanly impression—bright new linoleum everywhere, and the gramophone to welcome them. The smoke arose gaily from a shining black chimney, just as if it were not the most startling of novelties in that land. Often the seal and penguin came to the hut out of sheer curiosity—which made easy filling for the soup-pot. An Emperor penguin sat before the door and bowed and bowed, as if he had come simply to pay his respects; it seemed discourteous to conduct him to the frying-pan. The *Framheim* with its increasing storerooms and tent out-houses began to look an important place. The settlement completed, the next work was to plant the depots on the line south. Getting up the Barrier with the sledges was a hard climb. On the ridge they halted for a last look at the *Fram,* framed in shining white-blue ice. What lay between that moment and the next time they should see her, on her return from a year's voyage? Her flag floated them a last adieu, as she went North and they took what seemed their first definite step South—through a calm, mild day of grey haze like a younger sister of fog.

The poles and staves with which they marked their way finally gave out, and they pegged it with dried fish. At latitude eighty degrees they erected a depot twelve feet high, photographed it, and started *Framheim* ward. The dried fish proved a brilliant success as guide-posts, and later, on the second homeward journey, were eaten one by one as they were overtaken. As the fight for the Pole was entirely dependent on this autumn work—in laying down large supplies of provisions as far South as possible, in such a way that they would be certain to find them again—this depot-journey which had turned out so well, filled them with rosy expectations. Each dog had accounted for his 170 pounds triumphantly; furthermore the surface had been so easy that they saw they could reduce their heavy outfit by at least one-half on the second journey. This planted fourteen cases of dog's pemmican at latitude eighty-one. Beyond this point, the going became more difficult and treacherous; the dogs grew terribly emaciated; and eighty-two degrees was the utmost they could manage. Too much, indeed—and this overtaxing of his fine and willing animals is now Amundsen's only dark memory of his trip. They had to force the skeletons to start the heavy loads, and one morning even to lift them up and set them on their feet. The return, for both men and dogs, was full of excessive hardship. But after a rest in the hut they set out again on the last depot journey—this was to store at the nearest station fresh seal meat to restore their husbanded strength on the final homeward trip. The total weight of the three storehouses of provisions was over three tons.

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Wintering in their snug home amid the surrounding storm and blackness gave one an indefinable sense of comfort and well-being. There was plenty to occupy mind and hand. For one thing, the entire feminine population had thought fit to appear in a condition usually termed interesting, but which they by no means regarded in that light. Maternity-hospitals and manifold arrangements must be made for them—and singly, if the occasion were not to end in a terrible scene and the devouring of each other's pups. Besides this, there were the daily household chores, already considerable, and the perfecting of the outfits for the coming sledge-journey. New storerooms and work-rooms had to be vaulted through the ice. Outside, the aurora glowed strangely upon ridge and peak with inconceivable beauty; but within all was familiar and homely, with even unusual comforts—buckwheat cakes in American style for breakfast and a folding American vapour bath in a snow-hut of its own. By day every man had his work, but in the evening he was free. Occasionally there was a concert from the gramophone—not too often lest the delight should wear off—and then the voice of a prima donna rang soft and clear on the dark winter's night in a wilderness of ice thousands and thousands of miles away from her opera house, while the men listened over their cigars and their nip of punch. As the winter wore away, the outfits increasingly demanded ingenuity and skill. The success of their expedition depended on their ability to foresee every difficulty (even to that of the dog's devouring their own harness) and to take precautions to meet or avoid it!

In the last week of September came the first tidings of spring, and they began to limber up and harden themselves with practice trips. In mid-October they got away. There were five who went, with four sledges and thirteen dogs each; and as they left the last thing they heard was the cranking of the cinematograph by those who stayed behind. All of the company, says Amundsen in one of his many glowing heartfelt tributes to his men, all of them—those who stayed in the *Fram* and those who stayed in the *Framheim*—discovered the Pole: all had their appointed places in the expedition, and without the bravery, endurance, and loyalty of all, nothing could have been accomplished. When the party reached the third depot, they found their flag flying as if it had been up only one day instead of eight months. At each stop beyond, a new depot was built and their load of food constantly lightened. Ridge after ridge, mountain after mountain, glacier after glacier they painfully climbed 20,000 feet above sea level. Beyond the last glacier, they could see that a smooth and apparently unbroken plain extended. This was the Plateau; and this reached, the distance to the Pole and back was 683 miles. There they selected provisions and equipment for sixty days and left the remainder in depot. As they had decided upon beforehand, there, too, they slaughtered twenty-four of their forty-two dogs; and of the eighteen that remained six had still to go in order to bring the rest back to this point. They had so habituated themselves to the approaching butchery that when the time came it seemed less horrible, but it was horrible enough. It was a long while before they were in a humour for dog cutlets, but their appetite for fresh meat eventually prevailed—to such an extent, indeed, that in vain they looked in the pot for more. On the Plateau they could travel rapidly, except for the big snow-waves. These were very troublesome, especially as at that altitude one gasped for breath at every exertion.

When the reckoning showed that they had come further south than Shackleton, they hoisted the Norwegian flag. Every step was now bringing them rapidly toward the goal. The night before they were to reach it a feeling of intense expectation prevailed—like that of a little boy the night before Christmas. At three in the afternoon of December 14th a simultaneous "halt" rang out from the drivers as the sledge-meters registered the full distance. It was the Pole. Even if they had miscalculated, they could be only a mile or so out of the way. The most solemn act of the whole journey then took place, says Amundsen—the planting of the flag. Five frost-bitten fists grasped the stick, and five voices said in unison, "Thus we plant thee, belovèd flag,

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at the South Pole." After this moment of high exaltation, every-day life began at once—and alas! the first of the appointed dogs had to be slaughtered. In the evening after dinner in their tent, boy-like they marked all their possessions with the date and the words South Pole —for the future world hungry for souvenirs; and on the next day, having beaten round their tent in a circuit, they had a festival dinner and cigars. And then homeward, with the biting wind now at their backs! Ninety-nine days the round trip from *Framheim* had taken, the distance about 1,860 miles.

André Thery.

VII

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother"*

The author presents the underlying principle and the practical application of the Montessori plan of the training and education of young children, with remarkable simplicity and power. She gives her impressions, reactions, and conclusions as vivid personal experiences. This brings the whole subject within the understanding of the reader, and there is the fascination of close touch and sympathy with the writer from the friendly introduction to the final appeal that we each collaborate in our small way by assimilating profoundly Montessori's master idea, and by absorbing some of her reverence for vital processes. "Indeed," she says, "possibly nothing could more benefit our children than a whole-hearted conversion on our part to her great and calm trust in life itself."

Starting out with a visit to the school in the Franciscan Nunnery on the Via Giusti, two incidents which the author observes that first morning, are within the understanding and experience of every parent and teacher. They furnish the key to the Montessori master-idea.

One little boy about three and a half years old was holding a light wooden frame about eighteen inches square, on which were stretched two pieces of cotton cloth, meeting down the middle like the joining of a garment. On one of these edges was a row of buttonholes, and on the other a row of large bone buttons. He buttoned and unbuttoned steadily, slowly, without interruption for a time. Then he stopped his work a moment and looked down at his waist. A great idea dawned on him. He tried the middle button. It was a different size and not so well placed as those on the frame. He had to struggle quite a while before he could unbutton and button it. But when that feat was accomplished his face shone with the ecstasy of triumph.

The children prepare their lunch. Only one little boy in all the company could not manage his napkin. He brought it to the teacher. She held it up in her hands and illustrating each separate motion slowly on herself, she gave him the object lesson. Then she gave the napkin back to him. He caught the idea, but his undisciplined fingers would not follow the direction of his brain, and after trying hard he looked at the crumpled bit of linen sadly. Once more the teacher took it and went through all the necessary movements slowly. When she gave the napkin back to him he seized it with an air of resolution, pulled his collar away from his neck with one hand, thrust a segment of the napkin down with the other, spreading out the remainder on his chest with a long sigh of utter satisfaction.

We all know a normal child, as soon as he can express his will, wishes to do things for himself. Only he is so slow and awkward about it that we parents and teachers cannot keep our hands off.

Doctor Montessori, the first woman to graduate from a school of medicine in Rome, became director of an institution for the feeble minded. She bent all the energy of an original and thoroughly trained scientific mind to the problem of developing and educating deficient children. She went to the root of life,—growth, development, physical, mental, psychic. The results of her research furnished the scientific basis of natural education. The truth of the Montessori system is as old as life. It is its scientific application that gives it such tremendous value. The central idea on which each and every bit of the apparatus used, and

*A Montessori Mother. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Holt and Company, 1912.

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on which every detail of the technique rests, is recognition of the fact that no human being can be educated by another. He must do it himself or it is never done. The teacher should be the all wise observer of the child's natural activity, giving him such occasional light handed guidance as he may for the moment need, providing him with stimuli for his intellectual life in the shape of ingenious apparatus, but by no means taking his hand in hers and leading him constantly along a fixed path which she or her pedagogical superiors have previously laid out, and into which every childish foot must be led or coerced.

The Montessori method fulfils the fundamental idea of the child's right to individual freedom in self-development better than anything yet achieved. It solves the question of discipline because the child prefers to do the work rather than engage in any mischief he might be up to, if not so deeply interested. The school has the spirit of the workshop—a sane orderliness in activity, which is bound to accompany absorbing occupation. The Montessori plan has nothing for the mere amusement of the child. Nor does it instruct, in the ordinary sense. It fosters the natural processes of learning, growth, development. The apparatus attracts and holds the children because it is self-corrective. They can always discover their own mistakes. It does not call for constant watching of the teacher. The children work on without the weariness of failure with certainty of success in accomplishing by themselves what they have undertaken.

Throughout her discussion Mrs. Fisher, with much originality and wisdom, suggests the application of the fundamental idea of the Montessori apparatus and philosophy to the training of children in the American home. She points out that there are natural born Montessori mothers and teachers, to whom Montessori arguments and theories seem perfectly natural and axiomatic. She tells of one mother who, after her first irritation was over, argued thus about a child who had "folded up" a number of beautifully ironed shirtwaists before she discovered the mischief he was in: "He's seen me fold things up. There's other things than shirtwaists he could fold, that 'twouldn't do no harm for him to fuss with. And I set th' iron down and took a dish towel out'n the basket, and says to him, 'Here's somethin' you can fold up.' And he set there for an hour by the clock foldin' and unfoldin' that thing." This nature-wise mother devised a set of cloths of all sizes and shapes which she gives her children when they reach the stage of "foldin'-up-fever."

The difference between that woman and Doctor Montessori is, that she regards the fervour of her children for that fascinating "sense exercise" as merely a Providential means to enable her to do her housework untroubled by them. Doctor Montessori, on the other hand, with the keen self-consciousness of its own processes, which characterises the trained mind, is perfectly aware not only of what she is doing, but of a broadly fundamental and wholly convincing philosophical reason for doing it; namely, that the child's body is a machine which he will have to use all his life in whatever he does, and the sooner he learns the accurate and masterful handling of every cog of this machine, the better for him.

Mrs. Robert M. La Follette.

VIII

"The Girlhood of Queen Victoria"*

Begun when she was only thirteen years old, these *Journals of Queen Victoria* end on the day of her marriage. Lord Esher, who has edited and annotated them with abundant knowledge and discretion, says that it may be many years before further instalments are published. Probably even the more serious *Letters,* three volumes of which appeared not long ago, will remain uncompleted for an equal term. But the matter already printed makes it plain that the world will eventually have from the Queen's own hand a history of her long reign of unique interest and value. The first casual glance at these *Journals* will not give the reader an adequate impression of their character. They begin in

*The Girlhood of Queen Victoria. Edited by Viscount Esher. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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the artless fashion to be expected of a young girl. Victoria's mother, the widowed Duchess of Kent, not without reason fearing the influences of the Court, brought her up quietly and strictly. Her life was much like that of other English girls of the period. She had the simple education and the simple pleasures of the time. Much attention was paid to accomplishments—drawing, music, and embroidery in particular—and in these she excelled many; she could sing and play respectably, and her water-colours and other sketches were beyond the ordinary, as the reproductions in these volumes show. Her love for music was sincere and not undiscriminating, although it was chiefly displayed for the older Italian operas and the works of Mendelssohn. The young Victoria was enthusiastic over the great singers of her day, especially Grisi, whom she considered much more beautiful than Malibran. She heard a performance of Rossini's *Otello,* at which her idol "looked BEAUTIFUL and sung MOST EXQUISITELY and acted BEAUTIFULLY."

If the *Journals* had nothing more than this to offer they would be but moderately entertaining. But as the memorable scene in which she was to play so great a part approaches, there is increased seriousness and dignity in her self-communings. She begins to reveal that independence of disposition—sometimes becoming obstinacy—which gave colour to the acts of her maturer years. She was never blindly reliant upon any one. A single passage, written on the morning of King William's death, is most illumining.

> Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty toward my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to what is fit and right than I have.

Yet she was but a girl of eighteen. How would it have been with her had she found a less sage and loyal counsellor than Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister? It is he who is the hero of these pages down to the time the Queen meets and falls in love with Prince Albert. "He is indeed," she writes, when she has known him but a few weeks, "a most truly honest, straightforward and noble-minded man and I esteem myself most fortunate to have such a man at the head of the government, a man in whom I can safely place confidence. There are not *many* like him in this world of deceit!" The world knows that Melbourne never abused this confidence. Familiar with courts, he was no courtier. He gave the Queen honest advice, without regard to his personal advantage. He praised her when she was right and blamed her when she was wrong. And he did all this with a single eye to the welfare of both sovereign and nation. He smoothed the way for Peel when it came time for Peel to succeed him. Even the Tory leaders had perfect confidence in his honour. The situation was assuredly unusual. Lord Melbourne was at this time nearly sixty—a man of the world, still handsome, and with the most charming manners. The Queen was an impressionable girl, fascinated, as any girl would be, by the consideration bestowed upon her by one so much older and more experienced. An insincere or unscrupulous politician would have seized the opportunity to make her *reine fainéanté* and himself *matre du palais.* Such a thought would have been hateful to the mind of Melbourne.

It has often been said that Victoria owed much to her husband, that his sound advice saved her from many errors. It is certain that after her marriage she consulted him constantly and in most cases, despite her self-will, followed his counsels implicitly. Might she not have avoided more than one serious difficulty had Melbourne been by her side instead? It may be doubted if the popular judgment of the Prince is altogether justified. A man of many virtues, he never understood the English character. Coming from a petty German court, he could not sympathise with the democratic English idea of royalty. He was, in fact, a pedant; and the English have never loved pedantry. In the dispute with Palmerston we see him at his worst. Again, it was largely owing to his influence that the Court was persistently on the wrong side in the days of revolu-

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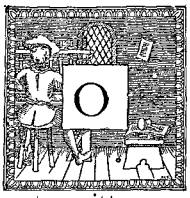
tion on the Continent and the beginning of Italian unity. The Victoria of these *Journals,* however, is still a gracious figure. There is a fascination about her which those who knew her only in her later years will hardly understand. Much of this was inherent. But it was Melbourne who, more than any other man, made her what she was. No reader of these pages can doubt that.

Edward Fuller.

THE NATURE OF EPISODES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NE of the commonest mistakes made by young writers is to mistake a mere episode for a story. And when their error is pointed out; when they are told: you have not written a story, you have written nothing but an episode, they ask, in a puzzled tone, "What is the difference?" And curiously enough, a good many people, who instinctively feel the difference, find it very difficult to put into words. Fiction, of course, is built up from episodes, just as language is built up from syllables; and for the sake of being epigrammatic one might almost say that sometimes a single episode is a story, just as a single syllable sometimes is a word. But that is one of those dangerous half truths that are more misleading than a falsehood. Or, again, one might say that an episode was like a boat drifting with the current of a river; when suddenly a person in that boat sits up, takes the oars, and begins vigorously to propel the boat either up or down the stream:—and then the episode becomes a story, the story of results following human endeavour. This form of statement almost expresses the idea; in fact, for ordinary working purposes it is enough to remember that while any simple happening in life, even if it be pure accident, is an episode, it does not acquire the dignity of a story in the technical sense unless the person whom it concerns finds himself at the end of it in altered circumstances or conditions, physical or mental, as the result of his own character reacting upon his environment. Yet even this definition, carefully hedged in with qualifying clauses, contains something of a fallacy. It sounds plausible in theory, but if you try to illustrate it with specific cases, you will encounter the practical difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, of finding any occurrence in life that does not leave one or more people in altered circumstances, as a result of their own share in it. Let us take a very simple case: a long stretch of country road, a runaway horse forging madly onward, dragging a buggy in which a frightened young woman is tugging desperately at the reins. So far, we have obviously an episode and nothing more. Presumably the young woman was unaware that she was driving a vicious or dangerous horse; so she is not responsible for the beginning of the episode; and it is apparent that no reaction between her character and her environment is likely to alter her destiny. But let us suppose further that a man, walking along this same road sees the runaway horse approaching, makes a bold dash, grasps the reins,

Atlantis. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. New York: Huebsch.

The Happy Warrior. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The King-Errant. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Lure of Life. By Agnes and Edgerton Castle. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Linda. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

In the Vortex. By Clive Holland. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

Christmas. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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and after a breathless moment brings the runaway to a standstill. Have we even yet anything more than an episode? Let us study the question somewhat carefully. Has the man done anything which produces a radical alteration in himself, or is likely to affect his future? Apparently not, so far as the case is stated. Has the girl done anything which has contributed to her rescue? Not at all; so far as she was concerned, a thunder-bolt or a sudden stumble would have been just as little within her control, and just as effectual as the man's strong arm. Does the episode as a whole, involving a violently dramatic introduction of a young man and a young woman to each other, open up the possibility of a permanent alteration in their destinies? Here at last we get a point of view from which the episode, without ceasing to be merely an episode, shows that it contains the nucleus of a story.

And this brings us to the one missing element, and a vital one, in our earlier definition. The whole question of distinction between an episode and a story depends upon the point of view. Every imaginable human occurrence must necessarily alter the circumstances of some one or more persons through their own instrumentality, the part they played in it. But the novelist is not concerned with the world at large; his interest is focussed on just a few characters, often on one individual man or woman. To go back for a moment to the case of the runaway horse, let us suppose that the writer's concern is solely with the man; the young woman does not count; she comes suddenly from out of the unknown, is rescued, breathes a word of thanks, and passes again into oblivion. From the man's point of view the whole thing is merely an episode; he has done his duty as a brave man, and that is all there is to it. But let us suppose that this particular man is of the morbidly introspective type; perhaps, as a boy he was a coward; and for years he has suffered from self-distrust, convinced that if a big emergency was ever thrust upon him involving physical bravery, his cowardice would betray him. And all of a sudden, this woman in dire peril flashes into view, and instead of stopping to think about himself, he simply acts from impulse; and when it is over he realises that he is not the coward he has believed himself and is permanently rehabilitated in his own eyes. That is unmistakably a short story, living up to our definition in every detail, and yet, excepting for the point of view, outwardly identical with what we agreed a moment ago was nothing but an episode. And while we are indulging in suppositions, let us see the episode from the girl's point of view; let us suppose that she is a tempestuous, madcap type, recklessly acting on impulse, without stopping to count the cost. She sees the man from far down the road; perhaps he has piqued her pride in the past by being unaware of her existence. So, bent upon attracting his notice at all hazards, she lashes her horse to break-neck speed and dashes toward him, shrieking for help. And then comes a hideous moment when she sees him dragged, almost under the horse's hoofs, and stares down white-lipped and conscious-stricken, realising that her folly might have cost a life. And in such a case this episode, with its outward details unchanged, is from the girl's point of view a true and complete story, whose effects will abide with her permanently.

This question of the point of view cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Take, for instance, something purely accidental, the "act of God or the public enemy," as the legal phrase runs,—a shipwreck will serve as well as any other disaster. Now, however tragic the sinking of a ship may be, the impotent struggles of a few hundred drowning men and women, or the equally fortuitous rescue of a few score others are episodes, and nothing more; but the man who, by some amazing act of foresight, saves himself from almost certain death, converts the episode into a masterpiece of fiction. And that is why the second canto of Byron's *Don Juan,* for all its tragic vividness, remains episodic, while Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" is one of the world's great short stories. But take a shipwreck like that in the first book of the *Æneid,* where the point of view is not that of the human victims, but of contending deities pursuing their private quarrels, and once again the change in point of view has added the needed factor of a story.

And it makes no difference how much

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of a story there may be in the episode when seen through the eyes of some other person. For instance, one of the greatest of Shakespearian tragedies may be in course of performance: if your narrative concerns a man in a box, witnessing the play, and you fail to let us see inside that man's soul and witness the change wrought in him, then regardless of the mimic story on the stage, your narrative remains an episode. But if the play's the thing with which to catch the conscience of king or commoner, there is no danger of any one raising the question whether that constitutes a story or not. The mere fact that the hero of a narrative witnesses a story or a score of stories does not make the chronicle of his own adventures a story. The *Iliad* is an epic novel in verse, and the *Odyssey* is a picaresque novel in verse; but the *Divine Comedy,* albeit perhaps the greatest epic of the three, is technically not a story at all, because the narrator remains merely the passive mirror of the innumerable tragic stories that he glimpses, and that affect him only episodically.

This whole question of episodes was brought to mind afresh by reading Gerhardt Hauptmann's most recently translated novel, *Atlantis*. Frankly, it is a disappointing book to have come from a writer of such established reputation; and its main fault is precisely that of a purely episodic connection between the hero and a majority of the things which happen to him. Frederick von Kammacker is a physician who has specialised in bacteriology, and at the opening of the story is bearing three heavy burdens: his epoch-making work on germ-cultures has met with ridicule, his young wife has become incurably insane, and he himself has conceived an apparently hopeless passion for a young Swedish dancer, Ingigerd Halström, who has startled Europe with the daring suggestiveness of her most recent dance. In short, on the day when he rushes in mad haste to catch the Atlantic steamer on which he has learned that Ingigerd is to sail, his professional career and his family life are both blighted, and his moral reputation is wavering in the balance. The greater part of the book is a minute hourly chronicle of the voyage across the Atlantic, during which almost every imaginable phase of human life, including birth and death, comes under Frederick's eyes, touches shoulders with him, and yet leaves him unawakened from his pessimistic conviction that life is empty and vain. But this morbid hopelessness does not in the least prevent him from paying eager court to the dancer, who impresses the reader as being a physically precocious and mentally prurient child, with bad manners and a vulgar tongue. As a further offence against elemental decency, while she is ostensibly travelling under the protection of her father, the expenses of both are paid by a "pale and chilly" and altogether objectionable person by the name of Achleitner, whose relations toward her are explained with insistent euphemism. The voyage is suddenly and violently interrupted by a shipwreck, in the course of which von Kammacker and about a dozen other persons, men and women, with whom he has become well acquainted, find themselves miraculously gathered together in the single life-boat that escapes destruction. The horrors of this disaster, which reads like a belated Sunday "Special" of the *Titanic,* does in a measure rouse Frederick from his lethargy; he imagines that he must have been saved for some useful purpose, and plans to devote the remainder of his life to the protection of Ingigerd, who is the same wicked little baggage that she always has been, but whom he insists upon seeing in a halo, purified by the perils through which she has passed. So in an ineffectual way he undertakes to manage Ingigerd's complicated entanglements with New York theatrical agencies, vaudeville managers, the Gerry Society and the City Mayor,—and in doing so makes a general mess of it all. Incidentally, he meets an English sculptress, whose clear-cut classic features teach him, first, that Ingigerd is not the little beauty he has imagined her, and secondly, that bacteriology is not half so interesting as modelling in clay, and, since his insane wife has accommodatingly poisoned herself, life might be made really worth living if the sculptress would consent to become a second mother to his three orphan

"Atlantis"

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children and settle down in Florence, where he too would learn the art of creating beautiful things. The whole book leaves the impression of being the chronicle of a man moving in a dream, a man without volition, a man who reacts sluggishly or not at all from his environment. Nothing of what happens to him is the result of his own acts,—with the single exception of his one impulsive movement in catching Ingigerd's steamer. It is true that he does finally reach a healthy frame of mind; and presumably the author means us to infer that this happy result is effected by the slow buffeting of fate. But there is a lack of logical connection; the reader's private conviction is that von Kammacker got his second wife and his Florentine villa, not because of his previous harrowing experiences, but in spite of them, and that consequently the author has made us waste a needless amount of time in reading them.

"The Happy Warrior"

It is pleasant, by way of contrast, to turn to a volume of such unalloyed delight as *The Happy Warrior*, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, already favourably known as the author of *Once Aboard the Lugger*. The plot, while well constructed, is not an easy one to relate at second hand, without unduly accenting its romantic features. It all hinges upon a secret marriage contracted by the young heir to an old title,—ninth generation in an unbroken line. The young man's love for his proud old grandmother rivalled that for his pretty but humble little wife, who is only the sister of the village post-mistress. So when his regiment is ordered to India, he leaves with the confession still unmade; and when three months later the news of his death is flaunted in the stricken young wife's face from newspaper headlines, the shock very nearly costs her her life. Meanwhile, the new heir, a distant cousin, of middle age and frail health, has come into possession; so when the young widow goes to see the grandmother, to break the news of the marriage and the early prospect of an heir, she is confronted, not by the grandmother, but by the selfish, arrogant wife of the cousin, who, upon hearing the girl's story, refuses to credit it, brands her with cruel names, and drives her from the door, and by doing so practically causes her death. All this is by way of prelude; the story itself deals with the son and rightful heir, whose birth cost his mother her life, and whose aunt, the post-mistress, brings him up in ignorance of his parentage and his rights, biding her time until he comes of age, in order that the belated disclosure will fall as a heavier punishment upon the woman whom she blames for her sister's death. But in planning her revenge, the old aunt makes just one miscalculation; she allows a friendship to ripen between Percival, the rightful heir, and his cousin Roland, of almost the same age; and since this friendship meets with the approval of Roland's mother, who little suspects Percival's identity, the two boys grow up together, sharing the same tutors in study hours and the friendship of the same little girl in playtime,—the little girl whom in later years they are both destined to love. And because of this lifelong affection for his cousin and for the girl whom his cousin wins, Percival not only refuses to claim his rights when he learns the truth, but in attempting to silence another man who for personal reasons would have divulged it, goes to his death as nobly as his father did before him on the battle-field. This brief summary has an unfortunate and misleading tone of melodrama, which is not felt at all in the book itself. The plot is of secondary importance; what really counts is the personality of the central character, the sturdy, manly, loyal little boy, who year by year so plainly foreshadows the splendid specimen of strong, clean British manhood that he is destined to become. He is a born warrior in the finest sense, a fighter for justice and honour; not averse to a man-to-man encounter with bare fists, for adequate cause, but delighting primarily in an honest trial of strength. The book contains many subordinate matters which are a sheer joy in themselves; there are two years of life in the open, following the Gypsy trail; there is one old Gypsy in particular, with a fine, true, home-spun philosophy of life, plucked from the heart of nature; and there is the unforgettable episode of the midnight fight between "Kalthro's Gentleman and Foxy Pinsent," which must take

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its place among the few really memorable battles of the ring in fiction. If there were nothing else in the volume, this fight alone, narrated with almost flawless art, would serve as a substantial cornerstone for a reputation; but it happens to be only one out of a score of memorable incidents in a volume which inevitably suggests comparison with a volume which it easily out-classes, *The Broad Highway*.

"The King-Errant"

The King-Errant, by Flora Annie Steel, is another book which is not easily epitomised. It is a sixteenth-century story of Northern India, in the days when the Empire of the Great Moguls was established at Delhi. The career of Babar, the conquering invader, from the time when, a mere boy, he has leadership thrust upon him through the untimely death of his father, down to the day when he himself, a veteran of many battles and of many loves, succumbs in turn to death, affords opportunities for a brilliancy of spectacular effects, an orgy of dazzling colour, a kaleidoscopic panorama of clashing customs and warring creeds, of fanaticism, treachery and self-sacrifice, all of which Mrs. Steel is peculiarly fitted to picture. And she has done something more than to catch and mirror back the mere colour and brilliance; she has gone beneath the surface and interpreted an alien race, one separated from us by wide gaps in time and space and civilisation. The Mahometan religion, the plurality of wives, the barbarity of ethical standards all become right and fitting, because for the time being we are seeing life through oriental eyes, listening to the embroidered imagery of Eastern speech, imbued with the mystery and the witchery of remote, barbaric splendours with which a rare *tour de force* has for an hour brought us into kinship. Mrs. Steel at her best is something of a verbal hypnotist.

"The Lure of Life"

The Lure of Life, the latest joint production of Agnes and Egerton Castle, might be reviewed from any one of half a dozen points of view. But for the reader who takes his fiction seriously, there is just one character in the volume which calls for more than a passing word: the Comtesse Aglæ de Braye. The other characters are all more or less colourless, uneven, inadequate; Sir Ughtred Maxwell, student and woman-hater, is a combination of a prig and a fool; Annibal de Braye, Aglæ's husband, comes very near being the conventional jealous husband of French comic opera; and his daughter, Solange, is too plainly a hoyden ever to have won Sir Ughtred's love, after her mother's indiscretions have forced Sir Ughtred to placate Annibal by a reluctant marriage with the daughter. But in Aglæ herself we have an unusual bit of portraiture, the unmistakable presentment of a type luckily not too common, the woman who demands all and gives nothing. She is the "juggler with men's honour," the woman who will lure a man on by the promise in her eyes, a promise that she never means to redeem; she scorns love, yet cannot live unless love is perpetually proffered; curiously cold herself, she must, if only for vanity's sake, know herself to be desired; and to each man who comes within her lure she gives the illusion that he is the only man who stirs her pulses; to each she consecrates some special piece of music, some syren song, that henceforth is to constitute a secret bond between them. And never does she pay, and never for a moment does she mean to pay; but feeds, vampire-like, on men's unsatisfied passions. In the end, she suffers a fitting punishment for the lives she has wrecked, by knowing the same misery that she has so wantonly inflicted on others. Her heart at last awakens; but the man to whom she would gladly have surrendered no longer cares, and no longer has the right to care; and her death comes when her last urgent appeal remains unheeded. The book is uneven, the characters, as already said, are unconvincing, the mood is often morbid; but in Aglæ de Braye we have a rather remarkable presentment of "the juggler with men's honour."

"Linda"

There are any number of technical flaws in *Linda*, by Margaret Prescott Montague, yet one cannot help confessing to a very genuine liking for it. Linda Stillwater, growing up in ignorance in her southern mountain home, knowing nothing of the

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big, outside world beyond her horizon, but instinctively loving every flower and bird and butterfly, because she is as big-hearted as nature and as optimistic as sunshine, is a character that you cannot help loving, even while you know that nothing quite like her ever existed outside the pages of fiction. Her sacrifice in marrying Armstrong Decker, patient, generous and middle-aged, simply because old Stillwater threatens to vent his wrath on her frail, timid little mother unless she consents, is sufficiently plausible; and when, a year later, Stillwater suddenly appears at Decker's cabin and demands his daughter's instant return because he has learned that Decker has another wife living, even this is within the bounds of possibility; but when Linda, in the face of her husband's solemn oath that it is a lie, chooses to believe the statements of a scheming woman, and goes away alone, to wander homeless through the mountains, then begins the part of the book that is too fantastic to be true. The miraculous way in which everybody befriends Linda and smoothes away her difficulties; the ease with which the birth of her child is managed, without scandal and without awkward questions; the manner in which she finds her way to Boston, is adopted by a kindly old lady, is educated, brought out in society, and receives two proposals of marriage from members of conservative old Boston families,—all this savours too much of a Grimm's fairy tale to fit its up-to-date, realistic setting. None the less, *Linda* is a book which compels a certain friendliness of treatment, because the character of the heroine is so consistently sweet and true and unspoiled; a type of character so infrequent that one can well afford to pardon a good many technical faults because of it.

In the Vortex, by Clive Holland, is one more story laid in the Paris Latin Quarter, which one reader privately defined as picturing "a sort of electro-plated Bohemia, unnaturally cleaned up and polished." The theme of the story may be most conveniently and briefly summed up as a sort of revised edition of *Trilby,* in which Little Billee's mother withdraws her opposition and the curtain falls to the tune of wedding bells. The Little Billee of this particular story is a young New England lad, whose antecedents are distinctly humble. His mother has made many sacrifices to send her son and daughter to college, and is disappointed and a good deal scandalised when the boy insists upon going to Paris to pursue his study of art. His first plunge into the *vie de Bohème,* his scruples at his own great daring in entering into conversation with an unknown young woman on the street at night, his sensations at his first glimpse of a cabaret, are all just a little bit too naive to ring quite true of a college graduate, even if he does come from New England. Of course, the young man does not remain naive for any great length of time; equally of course, the pretty model whom he has picked up so daringly in the streets of Paris succeeds in getting sadly between him and his work; but she happens to be a good little soul, and nurses him through a dangerous illness; so their eventual marriage is perhaps as lucky a fate as this not over-wise young man really deserves. A readable little book, if you don't take it too seriously.

"In the Vortex"

Christmas, by Zona Gale, is a tender little study of the intricacies of human nature, done with that wise and clear-eyed understanding that made the Friendship Village stories memorable. This new story has its scene laid in Old Trail Town, a town which is undergoing a temporary period of financial depression, because the Ebenezer Rule Factory Company has been obliged to shut down for the time being, and Abel Ames's Granger Company Merchandise Emporium is in straitened circumstances, owing to the failure of about half the towns-folk to settle their bills for last year's Christmas presents. So the church committees and the town meeting and other official bodies get together and vote that this year, for the good of the community at large, no one shall give presents,—and despite a few feeble protests from mothers who foresee heart-aches and tears for the little ones, the measure is carried with general approval. But it happens that a certain maiden lady, Mary Chavah, receives

"Christmas"

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word that her sister has died, leaving a little orphaned boy, who is to be sent on to her, and will arrive just before Christmas. And it is the Christmas spirit brought by the advent of this little child into the house of Mary Chavah that sets at nought all the wise economical forethought of the worldly minded Abels and Simeons and Ebenezers. There is a good deal of symbolism lurking behind the simple surface narrative, making an effective little parable, embodying much indulgent criticism of human frailty and shortsightedness.

Years ago William Dean Howells recognised and expressed his appreciation of the novels and tales of Leonard Merrick. But until very recently Mr. Merrick's name was almost unknown to American readers. An occasional American, travelling on the Continent, picked up one of the books in the familiar, paper-bound Tauchnitz edition, and straightway fell under the spell of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," or "The Man Who Understood Women," and now and then a short story found its way into the pages of some American magazine. But in a general way the name of Leonard Merrick meant nothing. At present, however, the interest in Merrick in this country is growing by leaps and bounds, and for this reason several pages of the March BOOKMAN *will be devoted to an appreciation of the man and his work.*

THE BOOK MART

JAMES W. MC INTYRE

An active factor in the book world passed away when James W. McIntyre of the old-established Boston firm of Little, Brown and Company, died of pneumonia at his home in Newton (Massachusetts), on January 9th, at the age of sixty-four. For nearly half a century he had been associated with bookselling and book publication, and, with the exception of one year which he spent in the West, he was identified with Little, Brown and Company.

Born in Boston, November 1, 1848, the son of William Henry McIntyre, he inherited the best traits of his Scotch ancestors. Endowed with a rugged physique, an abundance of nervous energy and a great capacity for knowledge, but with only a common school education, he entered the employ at the age of sixteen of the firm whose destinies later in life he was in part to direct, and by his industry, perseverance and ability he progressed step by step until he had won the confidence of his employers and the warm friendship of all those with whom he came in contact in the bookselling trade. It was an excellent schooling that he received under Charles C. Little (who with James Brown purchased the business of Hilliard, Gray and Company, in 1837, and changed the name to Little, Brown and Company) and subsequently under Augustus Flagg, John Bartlett, author of *Bartlett's Quotations*, and John Murray Brown. This old Boston publishing house that traces its origin back to 1784, when Ebenezer Batelle kept a little bookstore on Marlborough Street, then a part of Washington Street, had high ideals, and these inevitably became the ideals of this young Boston boy, who maintained those high standards of honesty, integrity and fair-dealing with his associates, customers and authors alike down to the last.

As he became proficient he was promoted, and hence he passed through one department after another until he acquired a thorough knowledge of retail bookselling, wholesale selling to the book trade, the choosing of manuscripts and the editorial supervision of standard works.

When he was in charge of the old familiar retail book store of Little, Brown and Company, at 254 Washington Street, where famous authors and even more famous lawyers and jurists were wont to gather, he was the authority on the value of old and finely bound books. As travelling salesman for the house, he was one of the ablest and best beloved. By his square dealing and his good nature he made friends with a host of representative booksellers throughout the United States, and that warm friendship existed down to the day of his death, and will ever be a pleasant memory. As chief of the book publishing department, he was instrumental in arranging for the publication of Alexander Dumas's works in sixty volumes, which became the standard edition in the English language, and also the publication of Jeremiah Curtin's translations of the historical romances of Henryk Sienkiewicz. It was his faith in the ultimate recognition of the literary worth of the famous Polish novelist that led to the issuing of book after book, until finally the public awoke to Sienkiewicz's power in *Quo Vadis*.

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Admitted in 1897 to a partnership which at that time consisted of John Murray Brown and Charles W. Allen, he assiduously maintained the high traditions of the house and co-operated with them in widening and broadening its scope. The valuable publishing business of Roberts Brothers was acquired in 1898, and Little, Brown and Company thus came into possession of books of widely recognised literary worth, including the Louisa M. Alcott books, and became associated with many additional authors of established reputation. From that date Mr. McIntyre laboured unceasingly to develop the publication of books in general literature, but at the same time not neglecting the legal publications which for half a century had made the house famous.

He had a great admiration for Daniel Webster, and his zeal in searching out and editing the uncollected letters of the statesman for a new edition of Webster's Works was unbounded. A lover of the best literature himself, it has been his endeavour to provide the public with acceptable editions of the standard authors, in addition to lighter forms of fiction. For a period covering ten of the later years of his life he exercised general editorial supervision of a new edition of the Richard Grant White Shakespeare, and this work, happily completed some time before his death, stands as a monument to his memory.

As the publishing business increased the necessity for larger quarters led, in 1909, to the removal of the firm from 254 Washington Street to 34 Beacon Street, overlooking historic Boston Common, where a fashionable residence was transformed into ideal offices. There he continued to plan and work in the most favourable surroundings, and if the work in hand was not finished at the end of the day it was invariably completed in the seclusion of his comfortable home in the suburbs of Newton. Having few outside interests, the details engrossed a large portion of his time outside of his office. Whole-souled and generous, he was beloved by his business friends and his employees. His relations with his partner, Charles W. Allen, covering a period of forty-four years, and with Hulings C. Brown, who was also admitted to the firm in 1897, were most intimate, and both feel keenly the loss not only of a business associate, but of a close personal friend.

Mr. McIntyre's home life was most happy, and he had the supreme satisfaction of watching his only surviving son, Alfred, pursue his course through Harvard College, enter the employment of the firm as a beginner and be admitted to partnership. To the bereaved wife and mother, who was his helpmate in every sense of the word, and to his sorrowing son go the heartfelt sympathy of his host of friends and acquaintances.

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

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Greek Literature. A Series of Lectures Delivered at Columbia University.
The Commedia Dell' Arte: A Study in Italian Popular Comedy. By Winifred Smith, Ph.D.
The Classical Papers of Mortimer Lamson Earle, with a Memoir.

George H. Doran Company:
Books and Bookmen and Other Essays. By Ian MacLaren.

Duffield and Company:
Cligés: A Romance. Now Translated by L. J. Gardiner, M.A., from the Old French of Chrétien de Troyes.
Stories for Pictures. By Dugald Stewart Walker and Helen Mackay.
Studies and Appreciations. By William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp.

Henry Holt and Company:
On Some of Life's Ideals: On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings—What Makes Life Significant. By William James.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Time and Change. By John Burroughs.
The Provincial American and Other Papers. By Meredith Nicholson.
The American Mind. By Bliss Perry.
Americans and Others. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D.
The Inn of Tranquillity. By John Galsworthy.
A Doctor's Table Talk. By James Gregory Mumford, M.D.
Humanly Speaking. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

B. W. Huebsch:
Venus. To the Venus of Melos. By Auguste Rodin. Authorised Translation from the French by Dorothy Dudley.

John Lane Company:
A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers. By Lord Redesdale.

Longmans, Green and Company:
History of English Literature. From "Beowulf" to Swinburne. By Andrew Lang, M.A.

John W. Luce and Company:
The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Introduction a La Métaphysique. By Henry Bergson.

The Macmillan Company:
A Little of Everything. By E. V. Lucas.
The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Now First Put into Modern

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English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy Mackaye.

Oxford University Press
A History of American Literature. By William B. Cairns, Ph.D.
Philostratus in Honour of Apollonius of Tyana. (2 volumes.) Translated by J. S. Phillimore.
Tacitus, The Histories. Translated with Introduction and Notes. By W. Hamilton Fyfe. (2 volumes.)

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Outlines of the History of German Literature. By J. G. Robertson.
Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Gateways to Literature, and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews.
The Dickens Originals. By Edwin Pugh.

Sherman, French and Company:
Solitude Letters. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt.

Stewart and Kidd Company:
The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. By Emerson Venable.

Yale University Press:
A Journey to Ohio in 1810, as Recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Edited with an Introduction by Max Farrand.

RELIGION

American Baptist Publication Society:
The Holy Bible, Containing the Old and New Testaments. An Improved Edition (Based in Part on the Bible Union Version).

American Tract Society:
Where Heaven Touched Earth. By Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D.

D. Appleton and Company:
Democracy and the Church. By Samuel George Smith.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Christ in Ethics. By S. P. Jacobs.

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The Preacher: His Life and Work. Yale Lectures. By Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.
The Ordinary Man, and the Extraordinary Thing. By Harold Begbie.

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The Gift of Suffering, or Meditations on the Mystery of Pain. By Bishop H. S. Hoffman, D.D.

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Heimatlios: Two Stories for Children and for Those Who Love Children. By Johanna Spyri. Translation by Emma Stelter Hopkins.
Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act. By Marion Florence Lansing, M.A.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:
The Pennant. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

Harper and Brothers:
Ken Ward in the Jungle. By Zane Grey.
The Son of Columbus. By Molly Elliot Seawell.
"Wanted" and Other Stories. By James Otis.
Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band: Their Famous Exploits in Sherwood Forest. Penned and Pictured by Louis Rhead.
Camping on the Great River. The Adventures of a Boy Afloat on the Mississippi. By Raymond S. Spears.
Prayers for Little Men and Women. By John Martin.
The Maker of Rainbows and Other Fairy-Tales and Fables. By Richard LeGallienne.
The Rocket-Book. By Peter Newell.
Camping in the Winter Woods. Adventures of Two Boys in the Maine Woods. By Elmer Russell Gregor.
The Green C. A High School Story. By J. A. Meyer.

Henry Holt and Company:
Bill the Minder. Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Written by Jonathan Swift and Illustrated by P. A. Staynes.
The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill. By Charles Pierce Burton.
Saints and Heroes. Since the Middle Ages. (Second Series.) By George Hodges.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Camp at Sea Duck Cove. By Ellery H. Clark.
Licky and His Gang. By Grace Sartwell Mason.
The Seashore Book. Bob and Betty's Summer with Captain Hawes. By E. Boyd Smith.
The Turkey Doll. By Josephine Scribner Gates.
How Phœbe Found Herself. By Helen Dawes Brown.
'Twas the Night Before Christmas. A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. With Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith.
Their City Christmas. By Abbie Farwell Brown.
The Castle of Zion. Stories from the Old Testament. By George Hodges.
The Young Minute-Man of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson.
With the Indians in the Rockies. By James Willard Schultz.
Billy Popgun. By Milo Winter.
The Gorgon's Head. Told to Children by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Golden Touch. Told to Children by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

George W. Jacobs:
The Four Corners in Japan. By Amy E. Blanchard.
Brave Deeds of American Sailors. By Robert B. Duncan.
Historic Poems and Ballads. By Rupert S. Holland.

John Lane Company:
The Goldfish. By Julien Street.

Little, Brown and Company:
The Wonder-Workers. By Mary H. Wade.
Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods. By Chauncey J. Hawkins.
Henley's American Captain. By Frank E. Channon.
The English History Story-Book. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball.
Donald Kirk, the Morning Record Copy-Boy. By Edward Mott Woolley.
Dave Morrell's Battery. By Hollis Godfrey.
The Bunnikens-Bunnies and the Moon King. By Edith B. Davidson.
Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp. By Anna Chapin Ray.
Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne.
The Boys' Parkman: Selections from the Historical Works of Francis Parkman. Compiled by Louise S. Hasfrouck.
Cherry Tree Children. By Mary Frances Blaisdell.
Curiosity Kate. By Florence Bone.
Folk Tales of East and West. By John Harrington Cox, A.M.
The Fourth Down. By Leslie W. Quirk.
Little People Everywhere Serious: Donald in Scotland. Josefa in Spain. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple.
Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. By Thornton W. Burgess.
When Christmas Came Too Early. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett.
The Young Crusaders at Washington. By George P. Atwater.
The Fir-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:
Nobody's Rose. By Adele E. Thompson.
Next-Night Stories. By Clarence Johnson Messer.
Mr. Responsibility, Partner: How Bobby and Joe Achieved Success in Business. By Clarence Johnson Messer.
Little Queen Esther. By Nina Rhoades.
Jean Cabot at Ashton. By Gertrude Fisher Scott.
Hester's Wage-Earning. By Jean K. Baird.
Four Boys on Pike's Peak: Where They Went, What They Did and What They Saw. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

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Dorothy Dainty's Holidays. By Amy Brooks.
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Dave Porter on Cave Island. By Edward Stratemeyer.
Classroom and Campus. By Warren L. Eldred.
The Children in the Little Old Red House. By Amanda M. Douglas.
The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport, or Rivals of the Clouds. By Edward Stratemeyer.
The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The Macmillan Company:
The Secret of the Clan. By Alice Brown.

McBride, Nast and Company:
"Tell Me Why" Stories. By C. H. Claudy.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
The Courier of the Ozarks. (Young Missourians Series.) By Byron A. Dunn.
Life Stories for Young People Series. Translated from the German by George P. Upton:
The Argonauts Expedition and the Labors of Hercules.
General ("Chinese") Gordon, the Christian Hero. From the German of Theodore Kübler.
David Livingstone. From the German of Gustav Plieninger.
Ulysses of Ithaca. From the German of Karl Friedrich Becker.
Emin Pasha. Translated from the German of M. G. Plohn.
Gods and Heroes. From the German of Ferdinand Schmidt and Carl Friedrich Becker.
Achilles. Translated and Abridged from the German of Carl Friedrich Becker.
Stanley's Journey through the Dark Continent. From the German of Richard Roth.

Moffat, Yard and Company:
The Freshmen. By James Hopper.
The Mystery of the Grey Oak Inn. By Louise Godfrey Irwin.

The Pilgrim Press:
Story Telling Time. Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson.
Johnny Blossom. From the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson.

The Reilly and Britton Company:
Bunty Prescott at Englishman's Camp. By Major M. J. Phillips.
Azalea: The Story of a Girl in the Blue Ridge Mountains. By Ella W. Peattie.
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Fleming H. Revell:
The Scout Master of Troop 5. By I. T. Thurston.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Mountain Divide. By Frank H. Spearman.
The Dragon and the Cross. By Ralph D. Paine.
The Sampo. Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala. By James Baldwin.
Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. By Eugene Field.
The Hallowell Partnership. By Katharine Holland Brown.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Barry Wynn. The Adventures of a Page Boy in the United States Congress. By George Barton.
The Young Woodsman, or Running Down the Squawtooth Gang. By Hugh Pendexter.
The Young Fisherman, or The King of Smugglers' Island. By Hugh Pendexter.
Fred Spencer, Reporter. By Henry M. Neely.
Floor Games. By H. G. Wells.
The Lucky Chance. By M. W. Loraine.

F. A. Stokes and Company:
Jim Davis. By John Masefield.

John C. Winston Company:
The Launch Boys' Cruise in the Deerfoot. By Edward S. Ellis. (Launch Boys Series.)
The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold. By Margaret Vandercook. (The Ranch Girls Series.)
The Mary Frances Cook Book, or Adventures Among the Kitchen People. By Jane Eayre Fryer.

MISCELLANEOUS

Published by Author:
For Our Mothers. Compiled by Nell Andrews.
Pearls at Random Strung, or Life's Tragedy from Wedding to Tomb, including the Scientific Causes of All Diseases, Poverty, Premature Death and Longevity. By C. H. Piggott, A.A.I.

D. Appleton and Company:
Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence: A Manual for Reporters, Correspondents, and Students of Newspaper Writing. By Grant Milner Hyde, M.A.
The New Competition: An Examination of the Conditions Underlying the Radical Change that is Taking Place in the Commercial and Industrial World—the Change from a Competitive to a Co-operative Basis. By Arthur Jerome Eddy.
The New City Government: A Discussion of Municipal Administration Based on a Survey of Ten Commission Governed Cities. By Henry Bruère.

Richard G. Badger:
The Story of a Bank: An Account of the Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Second Bank of the United States, with a Preliminary Sketch of the First Bank. By William Horace Brown. Including an Introduction by George E. Roberts.

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Poetry and Dreams. By F. C. Prescott.
Progressive Hints. By Clement Carpenter.

Broadway Publishing Company:
Our Reformation: An Exposition of the Modern Politician's Methods, and Results. By James H. Bolithe.
Debate Outlines on Public Questions. By Oliver Clinton Carpenter, LL.B.

The Century Company:
The New Industrial Day. A Book for Men Who Employ Men. By William C. Redfield.
American City Government: A Survey of Newer Tendencies. By Charles A. Beard.

Published by The Church:
The House of the Lord. A Study of Holy Sanctuaries Ancient and Modern. By James E. Talmadge.

The Cosmopolitan Press:
Masterpieces of the Masters of Fiction. By William Dudley Foulke.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Chasing the Blues. By R. Goldberg.

George H. Doran Company:
The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. (The Nobel Prize.) By Alfred H. Dried.

Duffield and Company:
Sex Education. By Ira S. Wile, M.S., M.D.
Sunday Suppers, Being Fifty-four Chafing Dish Receipts, Old and New. By Alice Laidlaw Williams.

Funk and Wagnalls:
Conversation: What to Say and How to Say It. By Mary Greer Conklin.
The Leather Bound Pocket Series:
The Misfortune of a World Without Pain. By Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., LL.D.
The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood. By Theodore Roosevelt.
The Latent Energies in Life. By Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D.
The Signs of the Times. By William Jennings Bryan.
The Call of Jesus to Joy. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

Harper and Brothers:
The Ways of the Planets. By Martha Evans Martin.
Armaments and Arbitration, or The Place of Force in the International Relations of States. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D.

Norman W. Henley Publishing Company:
The Modern Gasoline Automobile: Its Design, Construction, Maintenance and Repair. By Victor W. Pagé, M.E.

Henry Holt and Company:
Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D.
Dictionary of German and English: English and German. By Max Bellows.
The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge:
47. The Colonial Period. By Charles McLean Andrews, Ph.D., L.H.D.
48. Great American Writers. By W. P. Trent.
49. Political Economy. By S. J. Chapman, M.A.
50. The Making of the New Testament. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D.
51. Master Mariners. By John R. Spears.
52. Ethics. By G. E. Moore.
53. Electricity. By Gilbert Kapp.
54. The Making of the Earth. By J. W. Gregory, F.R.S., D.Sc.
55. Missions. Their Rise and Development. By Louise Creighton.
56. Man, A History of the Human Body. By Arthur Keith, M.D., LL.D.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Children's Reading. By Frances Jenkins Olcott.
Citizens Made and Remade: An Interpretation of the Significance and Influence of George Junior Republics. By William R. George and Lyman Beecher Stowe.

George W. Jacobs Company:
Prophetical, Educational and Playing Cards. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer.
That Reminds Me Again: A Second Collection of Tales Worth Telling.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
The Advance of Woman. By Jane Johnstone Christie.
Photography of To-Day. A Popular Account of the Origin, Progress and Latest Discoveries in the Photographer's Art, Told in Non-Technical Language. By H. Chapman Jones.
The Conservation of the Child: A Manual of Clinical Psychology Presenting the Examination and Treatment of Backward Children. By Arthur Holmes, Ph.D.
The Dixie Book of Days. By Matthew Page Andrews.
A Book of Beggars. By W. Dacres Adams.

Little, Brown and Company:
A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall.
Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northen.
The Party Book. By Winifred Fales and Mary H. Northen.
Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce.

McBride, Nast and Company:
Where Socialism Failed: An Actual Experiment. By Stewart Grahame.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
My Little Book of Life. By Muriel Strode.
Patience, Perseverance, Endurance. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.
Possibility, Purpose, Endeavor. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.
Priest and His People. By Irvin S. Cobb.
The Mother Book. By Margaret E. Sangster.
Our Country Life. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson.
Electricity. Its History and Development. By William A. Durgin.

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How to Get Your Pay Raised. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

The Macmillan Company:

The Business of Being a Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Increasing Home Efficiency. By Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Helping Hand Cook Book. By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick.

The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth. By Isador H. Coriat, M.D.

Munn and Company:

Scientific American Reference Book. Edition of 1913. Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins and A. Russell Bend.

Oxford University Press:

The Ability to Converse. By Stanley M. Bligh.

The Pilgrim Press:

Man or Machine—Which? An Interpretation of Ideals at Work in Industry. By Al Priddy.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Batter Up. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Financier. Dreisser. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. When I Was a Child. Markino. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Ten Girls from History. Sweetser. (Duffield.) $1.60.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.20.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. On Emerson. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Everybody's St. Francis. Egan. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Memoirs of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Night Before Christmas. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) $3.00 per vol.
4. Memoirs of Francisco Crispo. (Doran.) $7.00.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of Berkshire. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Art. Rodin. (Small, Maynard.) $7.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

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6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. With Carrington on the Bozeman Trail. Hanson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Chatterbox for 1912. (Estes.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Knocking the Neighbors. Ade. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. A Miscellany of Men. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of Camp Woodcraft. Burgess. (Penn.) $1.00.
2. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

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2. Joseph Pennell's Picture of Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Glenlock Girls at Camp West. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Time and Change. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. An Artist in Egypt. Tyndale. (Doran.) $5.00.
3. The Modern Reader's Chaucer. Mackaye and Tatlock. (Macmillan.) $5.00.
4. The Land of Footprints. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bill the Minder. Robinson. (Holt.) $3.50.
2. Billy Popgun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Porter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet. Washburn. (Holt.) $3.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Billy Pop-gun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dottie Darling. O'Neil. (Doran.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
6. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Maidens Fair. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
3. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. Rubaiyat. (Doran.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Pewee Clinton, Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. For Conscience' Sake. Corkey. (Forward Pub. Co.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. If. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Palgrave. (Duffield.) $2.50.

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4. Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. This Year's Book for Boys. (Doran.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Tales of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. Northend. (Little, Brown.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Building an Air-Ship at Silver Fox Farm. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori System. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Fifty Years in Oregon. Geer. (Neale.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox. (Estes.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Scuffles. Robins. (Harriman.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

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NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Robertson.) 80 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Wilderness of North Pacific Coast Islands. Sheldon. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) 75 cents.
4. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. How to Cook in Casserole Dishes. Neil. (McKay.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Black Creek Stopping House. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.35.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) $1.50.

No report. JUVENILES

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz.) $3.00.

No report. JUVENILES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

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NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens's Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Tell Me Why Stories. Claudy. (McBride, Nast.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Historic Summer Haunts. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	195
2.	Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	179
3.	The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	134
4.	The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	119
5.	Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40 / The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	116

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